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THE "BLIZZARD" IN NEW YORK: TWENTY-SIXTH STREET ON MARCH 12.

A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. F. ATKINSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The plan for the endowment of young women by the subscriptions of their own papas has been received by the public with the enthusiasm that always awaits a scheme of benevolence for which there is nothing to pay; but let the system of insurance be ever so admirable—whether it be the British one that provides for all our daughters, or the foreign one that provides only for those who never marry—what is the use of it, if papa has no funds from which to furnish the premiums? He is writing to the papers to say he can hardly pay the dear girls' pin-money, and far less £30 or £40 a year that is either to endow or sustain them. And in the meantime the matrimonial market is getting flatter and flatter. In the State of Utah gentlemen are being fined and imprisoned for having a plurality of wives, so even *that* happy hunting-ground for husbands is now closed. There were good old times when dowries were not looked for by marrying men; the laws of Lycurgus even forbade them to be given. In the choice of a wife, he argued, merit only should be considered, and this law was made "to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty." But the Spartan clubs, it is notorious, were as inferior to those of the rest of Greece as the old *Isthmian* was (probably) to that in Piccadilly, and the homely board of domestic life had doubtless superior attractions for their members. Now, in England, as everybody knows, it is the clubs which have caused the decrease of matrimony, and doomed many a rose to wither on the virgin thorn. Why, therefore, should not the clubs be made to pay for it? Instead of the foreign plan of handing over the married daughter's insurance to her unmarried sisters, why shouldn't the saddle be put on the right horse, and the club bachelor provide for them? As for the young fellows whose backwardness in coming forward causes all this trouble, the impost would only cut off their pint of champagne at dinner, and they would be all the better without it; while, as for the old ones—who have neglected their duty too long, and, with well-grounded modesty, shrink from the altar (victims that wouldn't look well in wreaths of flowers)—let them pay in proportion to their means. The kind old fellows would do it cheerfully: I know some who are devoted to the sex (at a respectful distance), and when they entertain them provide bouquets, and gloves with ten buttons, for each fair guest. To these, such a tax would be a positive pleasure; while, as for the mean and grumpy ones, it would be a pleasure to everybody else to know that they had to pay it. I throw out this original idea—as usual—quite gratuitously, and recommend it to the immediate attention of Mr. Goschen.

There was once "a despotism tempered with epigram" that came to such utter grief that, I suppose, the lesson has been laid to heart by despots ever since. At all events, it is certain that autocratic Governments of all kinds are extremely sensitive to ridicule. News has just come (though not, if I remember right, for the first time) from Vienna that a circus clown has been sentenced to imprisonment for the wit of his learned pig. The sagacious animal turned up his nose at a Russian rouble note that was thrown to him in the ring. "Quite right," said the clown; "if Vishnigradski cannot raise the rouble note, how can a poor pig do it?" This insult to the Russian Government and the state of its finances could not be suffered by a neighbouring (and such a *very* friendly) Power to go unavenged. Even Bismarck, who has a great deal of humour, will not permit his military rule to be made fun of: his army can stand fire, but not jokes. Only last week the German Government addressed a complaint to the Federal Council at Basel on account of a derisive poem circulated in that city, against Germany, during the recent Carnival. The cartoons of the German *Punch* are not political. In Russia, to judge by Russian novels, there is no such thing as a joke. A great philosopher, who was also a very religious man, has told us that "no man's religion is worth much, unless he can afford to laugh at it"—meaning, I suppose, unless he can see its weak points. This seems to be even still more true of Governments. The more autocratic they are the more they resent ridicule, even though the pellet comes from a pop-gun. It is retorted, indeed, by their admirers that the Great Republic is more thin-skinned than any of them; and "squirms" unpleasantly if she isn't "cracked up." But this is only true as respects outsiders; her own *Puck*—which, by-the-by, has vastly improved of late—is very outspoken. England, I think, is the only country—whose inhabitants can read—that is never moved (except to laughter) by anything that Wit can write about her.

In the late interesting communications from eminent persons respecting the literature that is best for us all to read, whether we like it or not, there was generally a reference to the books that have shaped their lives. From it we learn how "Bobbins on Three-Quarter Immersion" gave grace to one, and "Xenophon's Memorabilia" philosophy to another. (Not a word, however, about bankers' books or betting-books, which shape a good many people's lives without giving them the curve of beauty.) Of course there is something in it. A young man—or, for that matter, an old one—must be worthless indeed who can read (to take unambitious examples to which the eminent persons would scorn to stoop) "The Christmas Carol" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy" without feeling some desire for good stir within him that may be more or less permanent. When I read the "Arabian Nights" (at seven), I remember that I made up my mind to be a merchant trading between London and Bussorah (with the agency in London, and the residence at Bussorah) in gold and precious stones; but somehow—perhaps because I had no gold to start with—the idea evaporated. This is the case with most good books; their teaching evaporates, while, on the other hand, that of the bad ones remains. Of course, one only reads bad books—like M. Zola's—for literary purposes, to understand his

"school," and be in a position to denounce it, or other praiseworthy motive; but it is much better to let them alone.

The scrofulous French novel
On grey paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe.

And he doesn't let go of you in a hurry. It is most humiliating to both writer and reader, but also very true, that the influence of a base book lasts infinitely longer than that of a noble one, and may even undo the good that all the noble ones have done for you before you read it. A curious example of this has just been afforded by that of a foot-page, who became a footpad (or something like it) by reading a novel. Up to that date the page was clean, innocent as the new-fallen snow. His character was exemplary, he attended church, and was only waiting to be old enough to be confirmed. Unlike Mrs. Witterley's page he was more like an "Alphonse" than a plain Bill. But during the Xmas holidays he read "Jack Sheppard," and before the snowdrop appeared he had committed two burglaries. I wonder whether it was Mr. Ainsworth's story or the penny novelette of the same name? The former I read without the slightest after-inclination to break into anybody's house; but some people are born so much better than others.

It is curious that, so soon after we have been informed that malingering has ceased in the Army, so striking an example of it should have occurred in civil life, in the person of the late lamented Mr. Limmer. As a preacher, he had some genuine attractions, though, as he changed his faith pretty often, and always at the most convenient seasons (for collections), he is not likely to be canonised by any religious body. Hard labour, especially in jail, was a thing, however, he couldn't put up with, and, being condemned to it, his thoughts at once reverted to the infirmity. He feigned to be unable to digest even bread, and wasted away, like Captain Smith, of Halifax, in the ballad. In Paris they take much stronger measures with persons of this description. De Haen informs us that when one of those street beggars, with whom we are so familiar in London, who only use soap to produce foaming at the mouth, becomes epileptic *there*, a bed of straw is compassionately laid down for him—and set on fire at the four corners. Abstinence in England has especially been always respected; perhaps from its divergence from the national character. Anne Moore (the fasting woman of Tatbury) fasted for six years without any discovery to the contrary, and was not put into the stocks till she had placed £400 there, the produce of her exhibition as a total abstainer. Cicely De Ridgeway, who, in Edward III.'s reign, was accused of murdering her husband, obtained a free pardon by fasting in prison for forty days. A record in the Tower of London attributes it to supernatural agency, and adds in Latin, for which I am not responsible: "*Nos ea de causa pietate moti ad laudem Dei, et gloriose Virginis Mariæ, Matris suæ, unde dictum miraculum processit ut creditur.*" What is very peculiar about Mr. Limmer's case is that he left a document behind him confessing his deception, which ends with these remarkable words: "I have been a hypocrite all my life." It is well known that no one has ever pleaded guilty to ingratitude, and so far as I know, the same thing, with this solitary exception, may be said of hypocrisy.

There has been a robbery at a post-office by some individual who broke through the roof, which does not affect *me* (though of course I am sorry) so much as the remarks that have been made upon it. Nothing is more common, a daily paper assures us—if such a statement can be called assuring—than this mode of ingress. "To come through the tiles and into the upper rooms of a house while the occupants are all below, can be done very quietly, and by a very simple and ingenious mode of procedure well known to the police." Good Heavens! What mode? I really think the writer might have been a little more explicit. There was an article in a magazine last month which stated that there was no journalist in England who would hesitate to publish anything to increase the circulation of his paper, no matter how ruinous the disclosure might be to the country at large. I didn't agree with it, but certainly here is a case of a journalist *not* publishing what it is highly desirable for every householder to know. I have heard that the British Workman is apt to loosen a tile or two when he gets (for quite other purposes) to the top of one's house; but that is surely only for the good of trade, not for the convenience of the burglar? The system as a system is quite new to me; but the incident reminds me of a novel, which, when I read it, I thought the most exciting that was ever penned. It was the very first of the "Sensation Novels;" its title, "Paul Periwinkle, or the Press-gang," and it was, I think, dedicated to Thackeray [I should feel obliged if any of my readers would inform me where I could get a copy]. The hero, who has betrayed some bushrangers, is hunted by two negroes of the gang with bloodhounds, and after four-and-twenty-hours' chase just manages to reach a settler's cottage. "You are safe enough here," says his host, "for I have four sons six feet high to guard you." He is lodged in an attic chamber and falls into a death-like slumber from fatigue, when the two negroes, using no doubt "the ingenious mode of procedure so well known to the police" (but not to the settler), break through the roof and abstract him.

There have lately appeared, both in this country and America, certain so-called reminiscences of Charles Dickens, purporting to be written by persons who knew him well; but, to all who did so know him, manifestly false and venomous. That he was not as these writers depict him is hardly necessary to point out to the readers of Dickens, for his works witness for him; but it is well that they should have testimony to the same effect from one who enjoyed his friendship. In some particulars these libels overshoot their mark in a manner which, if their target were not a dead man, would be ludicrous indeed. I am told that the latest addition to this slough of slander even accuses him of moroseness and illiberality. This

reminds me of what Mr. Harold Skimpole, in his autobiography, is made to say of his benefactor. "Jarndyce, in common with most other men I have known, was the Incarnation of Selfishness." A more genial and openhearted man than Charles Dickens I never met. It is not strange that the memory of one so exceptionally bright, and who has done more to brighten the lives of others than any writer, should be selected as a spawning-ground by Malice and Envy. It is the instinct of some creatures to defile what is fairest and rarest, and of other creatures to take pleasure in the spectacle. The snail, it was believed of old, "doth disdain all common stones if it can find lapis lazuli to crawl and slime upon."

THE "BLIZZARD" IN NEW YORK.

The great storm of wind and snow that visited the city of New York on March 12 and March 13 produced, during nearly forty-eight hours, scenes of helpless difficulty and confusion almost unexampled. The streets, not excepting Broadway, were quite impassable for vehicles, being soon covered with heaps and hillocks of snow rising to the height of several feet, while the force of the continued hurricane from the north, and the density of the whirling snowfall in the air, which seemed as thick as smoke, prevented all but strong and hardy persons attempting to walk. Householders were for some time unable to get their needful supplies of food or fuel; and many who found themselves at a short distance from home stayed all day and all night either at some hotel or at a friend's house, rather than venture through the wintry tempest or run the risk of falling into a deep snowdrift. Tram-cars and omnibuses were abandoned here and there in the street, the drivers taking away the horses, and a few storm-beaten pedestrians found shelter in these deserted carriages till they were able to go their way. The trains of the Elevated Railway continued running, but at long and irregular intervals. The snow was of a dry, hard, sharp quality that made its strokes on the face very cutting, and it seemed, after falling, to be quickly converted into ice. Our correspondent, Captain F. F. Atkinson, late of the 4th King's Royals, staying in an hotel in Fourth Avenue, when he rose from bed on the morning of the 12th, heard the lamentations of the landlady, who had no provisions for breakfast. He gallantly volunteered to fetch her some bread, and went out to fight a stiff battle with "Governor Blizzard," forcing his way only 300 yards in twenty minutes. He saw the City policemen very active and serviceable in rescuing men and women who lay overwhelmed with snow. After supplying the wants of his landlady, he went out again, later in the day, to dine at another hotel, to which, under ordinary circumstances, he could walk in a quarter of an hour. He reached "Third Avenue," a distance of 200 yards, in about ten minutes; but in "Twenty-sixth Street," as he turned a corner to go west, the wind almost knocked him down; he clung to a lamp-post, nearly choked with ice splinters, then struggled on gasping, plunged waist-deep in waves of rolling snow, and was half-an-hour in getting to his hotel, the Putnam, in the Fourth Avenue. There he and many others were compelled to stay all night, sitting up in the dining-hall with their backs against the steam-pipes on the wall, but still bitterly cold. In the morning, when they went out, the streets were a scene of utter desolation. Broken telegraph-poles, trees uprooted, windows blown in, boards, shutters, and slates were scattered around, and snow frozen in fantastic shapes was seen on all sides. Captain Atkinson's Sketch is engraved for our pages this week.

Mr. Chamberlain has been presented with the freedom of Birmingham, and at the dinner which followed both he and Mr. Bright spoke on the current topics of the day.

Mr. David Randell, Gladstonian, has been declared elected for the Gower Division of Glamorgan, the numbers being:—Mr. Randell, 3964; Mr. Llewelyn, Conservative, 3358.

Sir Trevor Lawrence on Easter Monday opened the eleventh annual exhibition of works of industry and art contributed by the scholars of twenty-two Sunday schools. The exhibits were displayed in the Latchmere-road school.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have received, through the hands of the Russian Ambassador, from the Czar, a double ruby and diamond ring and a double circle diamond brooch, as a souvenir of their performance at St. Petersburg.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark left London on April 3, on the termination of their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses departed from Victoria Station at 8.30 p.m., travelling via Queenborough and Flushing, for Copenhagen.

In spite of the unsettled weather many thousands of Easter Monday excursionists availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the railway companies to visit the country and seaside resorts within practicable distance of London. There were 26,413 persons at the Zoological Gardens, 19,992 at the South Kensington Museum, 13,000 at the People's Palace, and 65,546 at the Crystal Palace.

The ceremony of consecration of Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop-elect of Raphoe, took place on April 3 in the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral at Letterkenny. The Archbishop of Armagh, Roman Catholic Primate, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Bishop of Derry and the Bishop of Down. Several other Bishops and about 160 priests, besides a large congregation of the laity, were present.

The usual Tuesday entertainment at Brompton Hospital was provided through the kindness of Lady Knight, and consisted of songs, most tastefully rendered by Mrs. Welman, clever recitations by her little daughter, songs by Mr. Frederick Budge, and a mimetic sketch by Mr. Sidney Barrett. The evening concluded with Signor Alberto's wonderful prestidigitation, the various tricks being most elegantly and cleverly performed.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have conferred medals and other rewards upon the undermentioned persons:—Henry Wallace, T. A. Christian, Ellen Blyth, and Mary Wallace, for saving four persons from the schooner Burns and Bessie which was driven ashore at the Point of Ayre, Isle of Man, on March 11 last. The crew had taken to the bowsprit when Henry Wallace plunged into the sea with a rope, the end of which was held by the other persons, and after great exertions the four men were eventually saved. Medals were also awarded for saving, or attempting to save, life to Arthur Herbert Crouch; to James Baird, yeoman of signals, her Majesty's ship Terror; to J. Keiley; to H. Foster Smith, formerly in the Marine Society's training-ship Warspite; to J. Harris; to Walter Ogilvie, of the Agricultural College, Aspatia, Carlisle; to F. J. Kitchener; to S. Bacon; to T. Roberts; to James Smith, of New Scone, Perth; to Walter Morton, late gunner in the Royal Artillery; and to Eugene Harper. Other recipients of the society's awards are Uriah Cooke, H. Hibbs, Sergeant-Major A. Stark, 2nd East York A.V., James Pepperall and T. Howes, coastguard boatmen, and Charles C. Ellison.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"The Pompadour" unquestionably gives us a most fascinating picture of the Court and times of Louis XV.—the well-beloved King of France—at a memorable period of French history. These are the days of dress and decoration, of fancy balls and fancy fairs, of masques and tableaux vivants. To the Haymarket will go the girls who desire to see how the fine ladies wore their hoops and farthingales, how they looked in powder and patches, how they smirked and curtsied when the pretty Pompadour "made wicked lightnings of her eyes" and took a monarch captive; to the Haymarket will go the boys who like to be positive as to the effect of rolled stockings and broadened coats, of white wigs and black contrasted ties; to the Haymarket will go the enthusiasts in bric-à-brac, the collectors of tables and chairs, of china and marqueterie: for have not Messrs. Collinson and Lock designed a special suit of furniture for the liberal Mr. Beerbohm Tree? to the Haymarket will go the lovers of nature to observe Versailles by moonlight, to sit in fancy "under the dreaming garden trees," and to see ballets of swords and Watteau ballets, and courtly dances and children's revels, and to make believe, as it were, that the well-beloved King was ogling, and his unhappy Queen was sighing, and Voltaire was philosophising, and Diderot was discussing, and the majestic "Pompadour" was having her own sweet will in an age of fastidious taste and unveiled wickedness.

Unquestionably, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's fastidious Haymarket is superior to Mr. E. T. Smith's rough and tumble Lyceum of twenty years ago. It was E. T. Smith who discovered Bandmann, the German actor, trumpeted his fame to the skies, proclaimed him as the genius of his time, advertised him, until one fine morning, when he discovered that there was no booking for Bandmann, whereupon our energetic second-hand Barnum could not find words strong enough even in his vocabulary with which to denounce the Teutonic adventurer. But then E. T. Smith was a mere showman, and Beerbohm Tree is a sincere artist. The art-work on the stage has improved marvellously in the space that has intervened between the production of the old and the new "Narcisse." But, apart from the finery, the beauty, the accuracy, and the decorative detail of the "Pompadour," the play remains pretty much what it was at the outset. Tom Taylor touched up and polished Dr. Brach Vogel's dreary drama as translated for Bandmann, and most of his touches were adornments; but the critics of that time candidly said that he had wasted his time, and had better have left Rameau's nephew where he found him in Diderot's novelette, or in Goethe's story, in German or in French, or deep at the bottom of the archives in the Imperial library at St. Petersburg. Once more "Narcisse" has come to light. Once more his ragged coat has been patched and pieced, and botched and mended by two such experienced renovators as Mr. W. G. Wills and Mr. Sidney Grundy; but poor Narcisse remains just as he was before: a hopeless, unrepresentable, ragged scarecrow. They have tried to make this sorry mountebank "beautiful for ever," but they have sadly failed in their application of the enamelling process. They have invented a new son for La Pompadour, who is such a very wonderful son that he most certainly astonishes his mother, by whom he is ordered off to execution; they have conceived a new Voltaire, who, for the very first time in the history of the world, is as cross as a bear with the traditional sore head, who flouts the Pompadour, who professes to detest the Encyclopædists, who brags about his literary fame and satiric vapourings as if he were a haunter of the modern Cheshire Cheese, and whose wit is flavoured with the repartee that is supposed to circulate about the familiar wash-tub. The philosophic utterances of Voltaire, coloured with the linguistic method of Mrs. Brown, is, no doubt, a new experience, and, indeed, a remarkably clever one, for in stage-life the reiteration of rudeness is unfortunately accepted as the substitute for literature.

Twist the matter round as we will, we are forced to fall back on the consideration of a play that is burdened with a hero even less sympathetic than the heroine. The Pied Piper of Hamelin is a very picturesque personage, but few would be rash enough to make him the hero of a four-act tragic drama. In Mr. Pinwell's picture he is a most attractive personage, with the little boys and girls dancing at his heels towards the embraces of that fatal mountain; but when he has destroyed the rats and stolen the children, we care very little more about him, and would beg him to be gone. A fantastic mixture of Gringoire and the Pied Piper is, no doubt, in Mr. Tree's hands, an admirable model for a fantastic artist. Any water-colour gallery would be glad to get him; but is he a personage to stir up our sympathies, or is he robust enough to bear the weight of an important play? We throw not. He sings, he sighs, he declaims, he orates, he acts, he attitudinises, and he tells us that the wife he was so very fond of has strayed from the domestic fold and become a lost sheep. But, honestly, the impression that comes to the mind is simply this—that it would be a wonder of wonders if any sane woman could by even practising the virtues of patience and obedience ever remain with such a very insane man. Poor Narcisse whimpers about his lost wife; but no one dreams of sympathising with this ragged, declamatory Bo-Peep. We do not care if she returns with her tail behind her or not. Indeed, we would far rather see her as she is—the woman that she is, the Pompadour in the Court of her well-beloved. The sentiment is wholly strained. We know as well as possible that the wily Pompadour does not love her vagrant spouse one little bit. She may say so, but we don't believe her. No. She likes boudoirs and bric-à-brac; she likes far better than her peasant dress and her lost modesty the contemplation at Court of—

The souls and lips that are bought and sold,
The smiles of silver and kisses of gold,
The lapdog loves that whine as they chew,
The little lovers that curse and cry!

It is all very pretty; but all very hollow. The doll is attractive on the outside; but we pull it to bits, and lo! it is stuffed with sawdust. All do their best; but the best is not wholly satisfactory. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as Narcisse, shows us acting clever as acting can possibly be that leans wholly on the support of art. His attack of Narcisse is as clever and as unconvincing as Coquelin's attack of Mathis and Gabrielle's husband. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has always convinced us that he is a remarkably intelligent, observant, and studious actor; never yet that Nature has endowed him with the magnetic force of a great actor. She may do so in time, but she has not done so yet. All that the actor does is interesting; nothing as yet that he has done is great. And certain it is that some of the characters he has attempted lately require something more than picturesqueness and prettiness, and the gifts that an artist requires in his model; they demand that firm grip and hold on his audience, that power of holding the attention spell-bound, that irresistible fascination, without which that which is most clever sounds most hollow. Mrs. Tree, again, as the Pompadour, was always pretty, clever, and interesting, but we kept asking for more. Up to a certain point it was excellent, but we wanted so delightful an actress to get beyond. Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Terry, and, notably, Miss Rose Leclercq, who was quite admirable as the Queen, helped the play considerably, but it must depend on its decoration for lasting success.

Everyone should hurry to St. George's Hall before the Easter holidays are over—and, after that, too, if they like—

for it will be a long time before the popularity is exhausted of the new first piece by Malcolm Watson and Alfred Caldicott, and the last pianoforte sketch of the indefatigable Corney Grain. Mr. Watson's last delicate little play is called "Wanted, an Heir," and the scene is laid at an old English farm-house, in the days before bad times and agricultural depression. A jolly, fat, old farmer, brimming over with the milk of human kindness, is Mr. Alfred Reed, who really gives us a remarkably clever and observant sketch of homely character. Miss Fanny Holland pretends to be a shrewish wife, but it is the merest pretence and make-believe in the world; for how can a suspicion of a vixen lurk behind those bright, kindly eyes, or be concealed in the depths of those laughing dimples? It is all very well for the passionate dame to smash the crockery and bully her Goodman, but it is an April shower, and the darkened face breaks into sunny smiles before the play is over. Admirable in taste, bright in dialogue, neat in versification, Mr. Watson's play well deserved the success it met with. Mr. Reed, Miss Holland, and particularly Mr. Walter Browne, who is not only a good actor but has a remarkably good baritone voice, did justice to Mr. Caldicott's music. And then came Mr. Corney Grain, who tells us all about "Mossoo in London" in his own inimitable fashion, and he tells us also about "Our Daughters" and what is to become of them, and a diet dinner and its social horrors, and he sings to the praise of "Hot Water" with an enthusiasm that inspired Bishop Still with his "Jolly good Ale and old," and he tells us the French story of "Le Parapluie de Ma Mère," and he sends his audience home with streaming eyes and aching sides, and the unwritten thanks of hundreds of happy hearts; for, after all, the best medicine for care, east winds, and blizzards is a prescription made up by popular Dr. Corney Grain.

The name of Malcolm Watson is very much *en évidence* this week. He has not only given a pretty domestic sketch to the German Reeds, but he has presented a powerfully conceived and well-written drama to Miss Helen Barry, who is on the wing to America, on a long starting engagement. "Held Asunder" is, unquestionably, a strong and interesting play, and a play constructed on a fairly new principle. It starts with fierce melodrama, strong enough for the Adelphi, containing the murder of the husband of an actress by the brother who loves her too well to see her injured. This murder complication is so ingeniously arranged that it gives the subsequent groundwork of interest to a wholly probable story; and when Mr. Watson has done with the more lurid light of his dramatic scenes it is found that he is equally successful with his comedy, which in its writing is particularly neat and epigrammatic. The character of Clara Trevanion, the actress, whose life-secret becomes so intolerable a burden, and who eventually finds, to her dismay, that she is loved alike by a father and his son, admirably suits the grand style and wholesome comedy art of Miss Helen Barry. She has never acted better than at present; seldom with such force and unstaged intensity, or with such winning nature in the lighter and homelier passages of the play. No actress on the stage has improved so much. Nature has made her a remarkably handsome and attractive woman; art has rendered her a most intelligent and sympathetic actress. The scene in which this gracious Clara, in the full perfection of her womanly beauty, engages in a tilting-match with a confirmed bachelor and upsets his specious arguments at every point, is very admirably played; and in it we have the kind of polished and high-class comedy that is, with us, seldom associated with anyone but Mrs. Kendal. Miss Helen Barry's smile should rank in pleasant recollections with Mrs. Nisbett's laugh. Plays produced at matinées are, as a rule, disastrously stage-managed, and this one suffered materially from the haste in which it was evidently produced. But amidst much that was clumsy and rough, it was easy to detect the advancing skill and keen artistic perception of Mr. Sant Matthews, who has taken Mr. John Hare for his model, and he could not have taken a better. Mr. W. Herbert was capital in a slight character, but a very important one; and Mr. Sidney Brough gave us one of the boy sketches for which he has been designed by Nature. When Mr. Watson has elaborated his scheme and filled out the play a little, it will no doubt be a valuable means for showing the skill, the charm, and the power of Miss Helen Barry.

At the Crystal Palace may be seen this Easter a burlesque of the good old type, that was once so acceptable at the Strand. Mr. Horace Lennard, with the memory of Captain Crosstree and Mr. Burnand's famous Royalty burlesque before his very eyes, has been daring enough to give us another travesty of Douglas Jerrold's popular nautical drama. He calls it "Too Lovely Black-Eyed Susan," and he has been lucky enough to get a true and sympathetic musician in Mr. Oscar Barrett, who has selected the most winning of old music, and has composed the most melodious of new airs for the occasion. No better William could be found on the stage than Fannie Leslie, and she has suddenly been inspired with a fresh stock of health and spirits. Needless to say how sweetly she sings; needless to tell how charmingly she dances. Miss Leslie in art and good taste is the legitimate successor of Marie Wilton. By her side will be found some very clever people. Mr. Leno, who played Susan, is an able comedian of the Arthur Roberts school; Miss Kate James is delightfully winning and clever as Gnatbrain; and what more charming representative of Dolly could be found than winning little Dot Mario, who has returned to the stage again after a long and tedious illness? Lucky the London manager who secures Mr. Lennard's new burlesque, for the public hungers for light pieces with pretty characteristic music.—A special performance of the piece will be given at the Crystal Palace this evening, April 7.

The confirmation of Princess Alice, the youngest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, took place on March 28 in the palace church, in presence of all the members of the Grand Ducal family and Prince Henry of Prussia.

A telegram from New Zealand states that the islands have been visited by a storm of extraordinary violence, accompanied by high tides and a tidal wave which did great damage. On one part of the coast a railway was submerged and destroyed.

The Bishop of Winchester on April 3 opened a building which has been bought for £15,000 for the Bournemouth Young Women's Christian Association. The building was named the Digby Institute, after the foundress and president of the association, Miss Wingfield Digby. The accommodation provided at the Institute includes about one hundred bed-rooms.

Lord Wrottesley, late Lord Lieutenant of the county, was, at the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, on April 3, presented with a service of plate by the Magistrates of the county, in recognition of his services as Lord Lieutenant from 1871 to 1887. Accompanying the plate was an album containing the signatures of the subscribers and an address signed by the present Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. F. T. Twemlow, Chairman of Quarter Sessions. Lord Dartmouth also presented, on his own behalf, to Lord Wrottesley a pair of pedestals for the tankards which formed part of the service of plate.

MUSIC.

The religious aspect of the past week was solemnised musically in several quarters. The annual service at St. Paul's Cathedral included, as heretofore, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion-Music," which derived special effect from its hearing in association with a religious service, and amid the sublime surroundings of a sacred temple. The grand choral portions of Bach's work were impressively rendered by the cathedral choir, with large reinforcements; and the solos were efficiently sung by members of the St. Paul's choir, the co-operation of a complete orchestra having been an important feature of the occasion. Dr. Stainer conducted, Dr. Martin presided at the organ, and Mr. F. Walker played the occasional pianoforte accompaniments to recitative passages.

Concerts of appropriate music took place on Good Friday in various directions. The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave "The Messiah" with the grand effects resulting from the gigantic choral and orchestral forces associated with this institution. The solo vocalists were Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. H. Piercy, and Mr. W. Mills—whose well-known efficiency needs no fresh comment. At St. James's Hall Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was performed. The solo vocalists in the "Stabat" were Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, by whom full justice was done to Rossini's beautiful florid music. A miscellaneous selection of sacred pieces was also given, to which other vocalists contributed—the co-operation of the South London Choral Association having been a valuable feature in the performances. The sacred concert at the Crystal Palace drew, as usual, a very large attendance. The programme, which was of a miscellaneous kind, included performances by Madame Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. B. Foote, and the Crystal Palace band and choir, conducted by Mr. Manns, Mr. J. Eyre's co-operation at the great organ having been a powerful adjunct. The "Old Hundredth" and other psalm-tunes, joined in by the audience, produced an impressive effect.

The close of the Sacred Harmonic Society's series of concerts, and that of the second season of Novello's Oratorio Concerts (both at St. James's Hall), have been adverted to—briefly, on account of pressure on space. The first-named event consisted of a performance of Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth," the merits of which have been so fully recognised and commented on in reference to its first successful production at the Worcester Festival of last year, and subsequent repetitions, that nothing further need now be said on that head. In the performance now referred to the solos were worthily rendered by Misses Anna Williams, A. Larcom, and H. Glenn, and Mr. Lloyd and Mr. W. Mills, the choruses having been well sung by the choir. The performance was conducted by the composer.

The second series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall closed with a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," which still retains its attractive power—and doubtless will long continue to do so—notwithstanding the many repetitions it has received since its first production at the Birmingham Festival of 1882. On the recent occasion—now referred to—Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley were heard in the solo music, as in many previous instances; that for the soprano having been assigned to Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, who sang with much grace and refinement, if with no great power. Mr. P. Greene, a young vocalist, made his first appearance, and displayed a voice of good capabilities, and made a favourable impression. Dr. Mackenzie conducted.

We have already commented on the remarkable pianoforte performances of the boy, Otto Hegner, as displayed at his first public recital at Prince's Hall, on March 22. The second recital took place (in the same room) during the past week, the programme having again consisted of music of various schools and periods, ranging from Bach and Handel to modern times. The playing of this lad is not only remarkable for its technical excellence; it displays an intellectual power, and a perception of the highest order of classical thought in music, far in advance of his years.

A performance of "The Messiah" was given at the Peoples' Palace on Good Friday, with competent solo singers; and an Easter Musical Festival was announced to take place in the great Assembly Hall, Mile-End, beginning on Good Friday evening with "The Messiah"; "Judas Maccabæus" being promised for Easter Eve, "Elijah" for Easter Monday, and a selection of sacred music for the following evening. Several well-known solo vocalists were named in the programme.

Saturday afternoon concerts have been begun at the Royal Albert Hall, the first having taken place on March 31, under the direction of Mr. E. Bending, the well-known organist. The programme on that occasion comprised a varied selection from the works of celebrated composers, and included vocal performances by Misses Anna Williams and Janson, Mr. B. Lane, Mr. B. Foote, and other efficient vocalists; besides the co-operation of Mr. Bending as pianist and organist, of M. Poznanski as violinist, and M. Albert as violoncellist.

Easter Monday was celebrated by one of Mr. W. Carter's grand National Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme, among many attractions, having included the co-operation of Mr. Sims Reeves, the young American lady known as Nikita, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Barrington Foote, and other well-known vocalists, who contributed more or less familiar pieces with successful results, including several encores. The effective part-singing of Mr. W. Carter's choir was a welcome feature in the programme, as also was the co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards, and of Herr Poznanski as violinist.

Balfe's opera, "The Puritan's Daughter," has recently been revived by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Manchester, where it was received with genuine enthusiasm. The work—which contains some of its composer's best music—was originally produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the Pyne and Harrison management, in 1861. It is well that the opera of one of England's best melodists should not be allowed to die out, and the revival now alluded to merits especial recognition on this account, having been somewhat unjustly eclipsed by the great and undiminished popularity of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." The principal parts in "The Puritan's Daughter" were well sustained at Manchester by Madame Georgina Burns and Messrs. L. Crotty, F. Celli, M. Eugene, and V. Smith; others having contributed to the general efficiency of the cast.

The Oswestry Musical Festival, established in connection with the Oswestry School of Music founded by Mr. Henry Leslie, was held on Easter Monday, in Powis Hall, Oswestry. Lord Harlech presided.

A concert, under the patronage of Princess Christian, is to be given on Thursday, April 12, at Prince's Hall, by "The Magdalen Vagabonds" (past and present members of the choir of Magdalen College, Oxford), in aid of the fund for a new organ for St. Edburgha, Leigh, Worcestershire.

The two Houses of the Danish Rigsdag having been unable to arrive at an agreement in regard to the drafting of the Budget, and the financial year expiring on April 1, the session of the Rigsdag was closed by the King, who has promulgated a provisional Budget by decree.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.



THE PALAZZO VECCHIO.

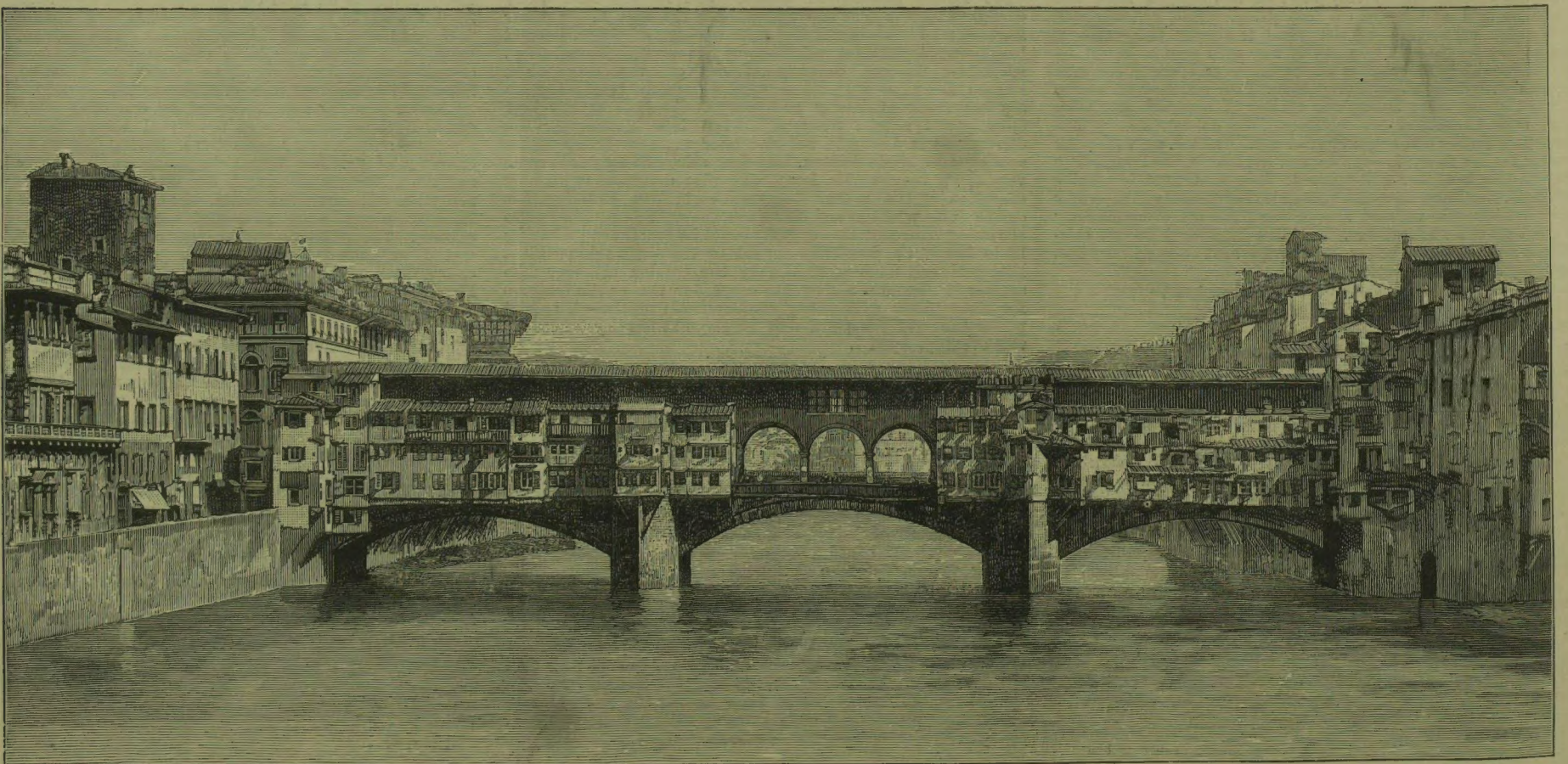


THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

The sojourn of our Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and joined by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, at one of the most attractive and interesting of the famous cities of Italy, has been attended by many gratifying incidents. Her Majesty, travelling as a private person under her title of Countess of Balmoral, made no delay in the French railway journey from Cherbourg, passed through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and arrived at Florence on Saturday, March 24, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The city was decorated with Italian and British flags, the Florentines willingly joining with the many English residents to show tokens of festive welcome to Queen Victoria. On alighting from the train she was received by the British Ambassador, Sir J. Savile Lumley, and he presented the Italian authorities in the following order: first, General Pasi, representing the King of Italy, and then the Prefect, Signor Senator Gadda, and the Syndic, Marquis Torrigiani, were presented to

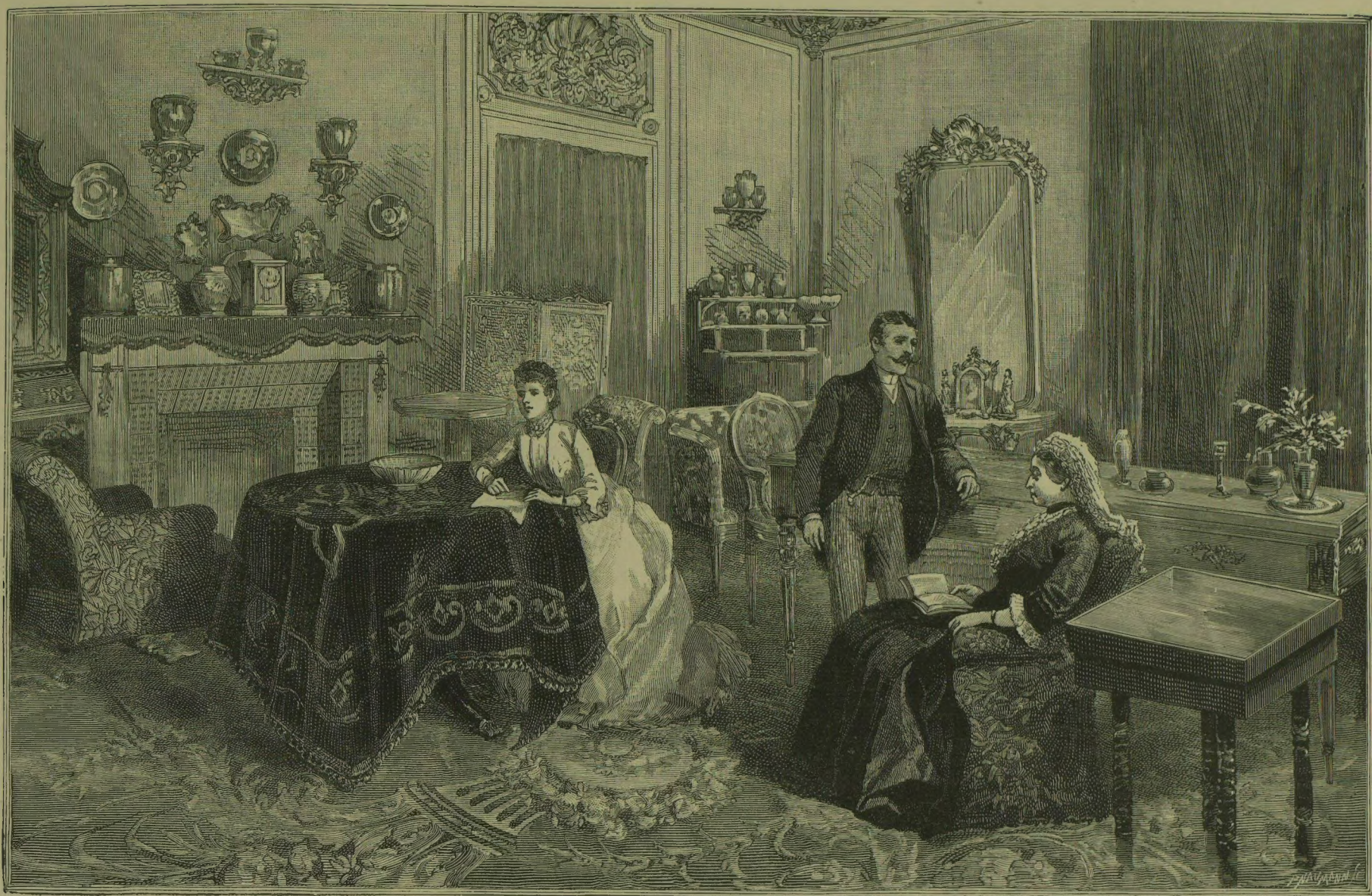
her. Mr. Colnaghi, the British Consul General, was in attendance. The only three ladies who were allowed to be present were Madame Gadda, the Marchioness Torrigiani, and Mrs. Colnaghi; they kissed her Majesty's hand, and she shook hands with Madame Gadda, and accepted a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Colnaghi. Her Majesty thanked General Pasi for the welcome he gave her from the King of Italy and immediately entered her carriage, followed by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Great was the enthusiasm of the crowd when the Queen drove out of the station in an open landau, looking well and happy, and apparently not over-fatigued by the long, rapid journey. She gracefully acknowledged the welcome given her by the people, bowing from side to side. The piazza leading to the station was kept clear by a cordon of Guards; but the pavement on each side was full of eager spectators; and the streets through which the Royal cortège passed were crowded, so that it seemed, as if all the population of the city had come out to see

the Queen of England, besides an immense influx of foreign visitors; but the order was perfect. The Royal carriage drove through the city at a rapid pace, preceded by two outriders; the Colonel and a Captain of the Carabineers rode beside the carriage, and a guard of honour, composed of an escort of six carabineers, followed close in the rear. Then followed seven other carriages, containing the ladies and gentlemen of the suite. Two large omnibuses followed, full of flowers, which had been given to her Majesty on the journey, and which she wished to have taken to the Villa Palmieri. The route was through the Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, Via Panzani, Via Cerretani, Piazza del Duomo, Via Cavour, Piazza Cavour, Viale del Pallone, Barriera delle Cure, Via Sacchetti, and Via Boccaccio, to the Villa Palmieri. The Florentines received her Majesty with the greatest respect; the men stood hat in hand as she passed, and in some parts of the town she was greeted with shouts of applause. Three bands of music were stationed along the route, and as the Queen drove by they

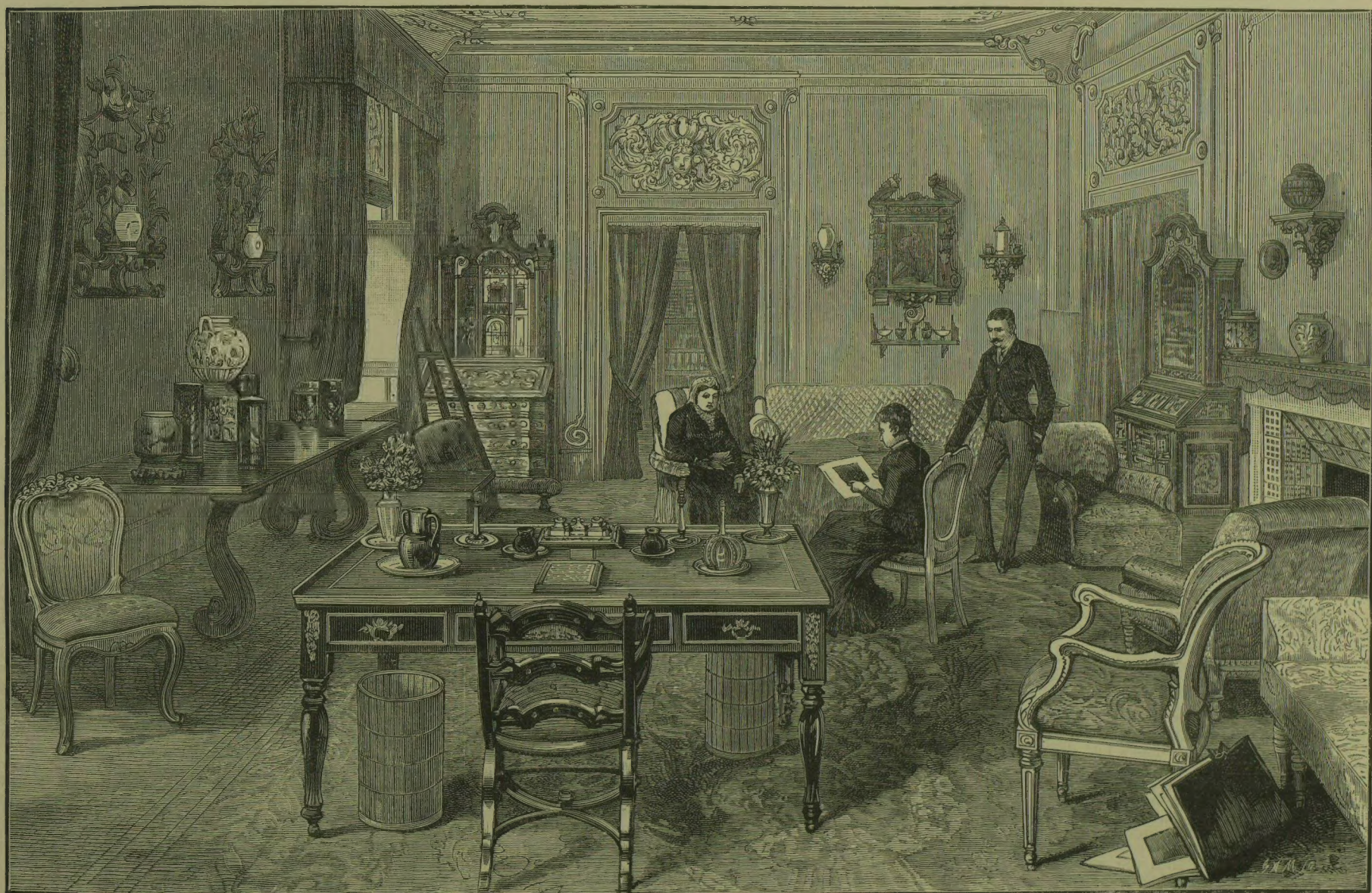


THE PONTE VECCHIO.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.



SALOOON OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN AT THE VILLA PALMIERI.



SALOOON OF THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN.

struck up "God save the Queen." Prince Henry of Battenberg and all the gentlemen of the suite took off their hats, and the crowd clapped their hands and shouted "Viva la Regina Vittoria!" The Queen arrived at the Villa Palmieri, where the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, its owner, received her Majesty on the steps of the villa, and presented her with a splendid bouquet of flowers. A basket of flowers, worthy of "The City of Flowers," was sent to the villa by the Syndic and Assessors of the city.

The present Villa Palmieri is near the site of the Villa dei Tre Visi, to which Boccaccio, in his "Decameron," supposes a company of gay friends to have retired, to escape from the plague in the year 1348, and where they told so many entertaining tales. It is on rising ground, two short miles distant from the city, above the torrent of the Mugnone. The name of Boccaccio has been given to the narrow suburban road leading north from the city to the Villa Palmieri and upwards to San Domenico. This road was so narrow that in some parts two carriages could not pass abreast in it. In anticipation of her Majesty's visit the authorities have widened the road, and removed every inconvenience as far as possible. The houses and workshops have been recoloured and painted; a special water-supply and a telephone have been provided for the villa; and lamps have been placed all along the road, which are kept lighted all night; a picket of city guards has been stationed in the vicinity.

We have, on former occasions, described Florence; its noble Duomo, or Cathedral, and other celebrated churches; its palaces and its galleries of art, with those historical, romantic, and literary associations which give so much interest to the city. A few remarks may here be convenient with regard to the subjects of our Illustrations.

The Palazzo Vecchio, the "Old Palace" of the Florentine Republic, in the Piazza della Signoria, is a stern-looking edifice, with a huge battlemented square tower at one corner, rising to the height of 330 ft., altogether characteristic of the sturdy simplicity of the ancient Guelphic commonwealth five or six centuries ago. Its building was commenced in 1298 by Arnolfo di Lapo, for the Gonfaloniere and Priors who then governed Florence, with its territories and subject towns, as an independent sovereign State, one of the most important in Italy. On the north side was formerly a stone platform called the Ringhiera, from which the elected rulers and magistrates used to announce their decrees to the assembled people, standing by the Marzocco, the figure of a seated lion with one paw resting on a shield emblazoned with the Lily of Florence. Over the entrance door is the monogram of Jesus Christ, placed there by the Gonfaloniere Capponi in 1517, when it was decreed that the citizens of that commonwealth would choose no one but Christ to be their King, as they had been exhorted to do by Savonarola, their great religious and political leader, twenty years before. The interior of the Palazzo contains many large apartments, of which the principal are the vast Sala dei Cinquecento, the "Hall of Five Hundred," constructed in 1495 for the meetings of the larger Assembly of the Republic; and the older "Hall of Two Hundred," which had been occupied in earlier times by less numerous Councils and Assemblies. These rooms were used in 1865, and until 1870, by the Chamber of Deputies and Senate of the kingdom of Italy, when Florence was the capital instead of Rome; the walls of the great hall are decorated with fresco paintings of battles in which the Florentines were engaged. On the portico and steps in front of the Palazzo Vecchio are several noted works of the Florentine sculptors; but more of these are displayed in the adjacent Loggia dei Lanzi, which consists of three open arches on pillars, with a raised platform, containing Benvenuto Cellini's bronze group of "Perseus and Andromeda"; that of "Judith and Holofernes," by Donatello, "The Rape of the Sabines," by Giovanni di Bologna, and several other pieces.

The "Old Bridge," the Ponte Vecchio, built in the middle of the fourteenth century, is a picturesque remnant of antiquity, covered with old houses and shops, except in the central part, and so reminding us of Old London Bridge. It was formerly the abode of the Florentine goldsmiths and jewellers. Above it is a covered gallery crossing the Arno, from the Uffizii to the Palazzo Pitti, erected for the private convenience of the Medici Grand Dukes. The Uffizii Galleries, which were visited by Queen Victoria on March 28, contain one of the richest collections of works of Italian painters, as well as the Greek statue of the Venus de' Medici and other renowned specimens of classic art. The collections in the Palazzo Pitti, scarcely less interesting, were inspected by her Majesty the day before, under the guidance of Cavaliere Ridolfi and Signor Pierracini.

The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg were present at the ceremony which is held on Saturday in Passion Week, in the Piazza del Duomo. A huge car laden with fireworks, and drawn by white oxen garlanded with flowers, was stationed in front of the Duomo. At noon, at the elevation of the Host, by an ingenious arrangement a rocket is fired from the church and strikes the car. An explosion is caused, and at the same instant all the church bells, which have been silent for the two previous days, ring out. The Queen and party witnessed the spectacle from behind a grated window on the ground floor of the Bigallo Orphanage. On the storey above were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and the Queen of Serbia. The Syndic explained to the Queen of England the origin of the curious spectacle, in which she took much interest. Brilliant sunshine prevailed, and vast numbers thronged the square and greeted her Majesty with loud shouts and clapping of hands. The spring-like weather has brought out the blossoms on the trees in the gardens around Florence.

The Rev. Dr. Gwynne has been elected Regius Professor of Divinity in Dublin University, in the room of Dr. Salmon, who has become Provost of Trinity College.

The Duke of Westminster has given £100 to the Parkes Museum to aid in its work of practical teaching and demonstrating sanitary science.

The Queen has presented to St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, a handsome silver-gilt altar cross, in commemoration of her Jubilee. The Royal gift was displayed upon the re-table, next the reredos, for the first time on Easter Sunday.

The members of Sir Bache Cunard's Hunt have determined to present a testimonial to the Master. It is to consist of a fine life-size model of a fox, in solid silver, which will be mounted on an ebonised plinth. The work will be of authoritative rendering, for the commission has been confided to Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., the eminent naturalist. The work will, it is estimated, weigh 500 ounces.

Wednesday was the day chosen for the public celebration of the golden wedding of Viscount and Viscountess Cranbrook, who were married on March 29, 1833. The day's festivities included a banquet at Hemsted Park, the family seat near Benenden, in Kent, and a display of fireworks. A testimonial, in the form of a Bible, was presented to Lord and Lady Cranbrook by their tenants. The Queen has sent a marble bust of herself, together with an autograph letter, to Viscount and Viscountess Cranbrook.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. H.—Your question opens up an inquiry, which we regret we cannot undertake.

COLUMBUS II. (Westward Ho).—Mistakes will happen occasionally; but in future we will endeavour to render them conspicuous by their absence.

SIXON ASPA.—Of the three problems you have kindly contributed we have chosen No. 1 for publication; the others shall be examined later on.

MAJOR PRICHARD.—Problem No. 2291 undoubtedly admits of the second solution on which you and other correspondents have suggested.

J. A. W. HUNTER.—Your problems have been safely received, and our report on them shall be given very shortly.

E. P. (Brentwood).—If you will be at the trouble to send us the problem referred to, we will endeavour to answer your question.

W. WRIGHT.—They are distinct works. Apply for information through a foreign bookseller.

A. C. W. (Dover).—Problem No. 2293 is perfectly correct.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2288 received from Lance-Corporal P. Edwards (Bareilly, India) and J. W. (Toronto); of No. 2290 from John J. Kane (New York); of No. 2291 from Lady Thomas (Constantinople) and J. W.; of No. 2292 from Mrs. Kelly, John Keen, Jane John, and J. W.; of No. 2293 from E. Linnett (Royal Artillery), Squire, and J. W. Wilkinson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2294 received from A. C. W. (Dover), R. F. N. Banks, A. Potter, Columbus (Alexandra-road), Z. Ingold, H. Lucas, Jupiter Junior, L. Wynan, E. Casella (Paris), Ernest Sharswood, L. Sharswood, W. Hillier, Major Prichard, J. Kistruck, Squire, E. B. Schwann, F. W. Harvey, E. Pigott, C. J. Boorne, Carslake, W. Wood, G. J. Veale, F. R. Lothbury, E. Salusbury, D. McCoy, Lily, Major-General Drayson, R. Wooters (Canterbury), J. Ross, T. Soundis, J. Sage, Jane John, W. R. Raillem, R. H. Brooks, Amy Wisenden, C. T. Addison, L. Desanges, L. Penfold, T. Roberts, W. S. E. Loudon, Mrs. W. J. Baird, F. Mackie, T. G. (Ware), J. Boustead, H. C. Anning, C. Etherington, H. Semple, Dr. F. St. J. Ball, Thomas Chown, Lieut.-Colonel Loraine (R.A.), E. Gripp (Steyning), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), C. E. P. Peterhouse, W. Beverhondt, Shadforth, J. Hepworth Shaw, E. E. H. H. J. Blackham, H. Cochrane, Blair, and Mrs. Kelly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2292.

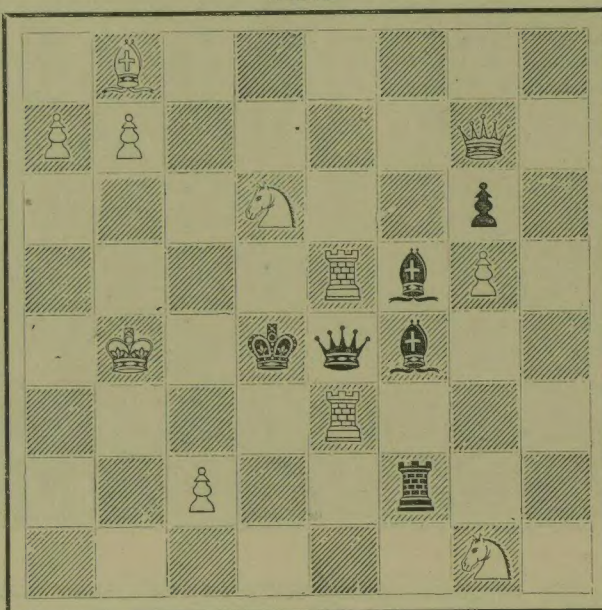
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K R 6th K to Q B 6th
2. B to K 3rd K to Q 6th or Kt 5th
3. Q or B mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, White continues with 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch); if 1. P to K 6th, then 2. B to K 7th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2296.

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN HAVANNAH.

Game played between Mr. C. A. VAZQUEZ and HYDEBRAND VON DER LAZA.
(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Von der L.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Von der L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Evidently White's centre Pawns will now require the greatest care for their protection.	
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P takes B	Q to Q B 4th
3. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	18. R to K B 3rd	
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	K to B 2nd, followed by B to B 3rd, seems a better line of play; and, with a P ahead, White could not have been easily defeated.	
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	19. Q R to K B sq	K R to Q sq
6. P to Q 3rd	K B to Q B 4th	20. R to K Kt 3rd	R to Q R 3rd
7. K B to K 2nd	Castles	21. Q to Kt 3rd	Q R to Q 3rd
8. Castles	P to K R 3rd	22. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Q B 3rd
9. P to K R 3rd		23. P takes P	P takes K P
Somewhat tame and unnecessary.		24. Q to Kt 3rd	
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K B 4th	Q to K sq defending the R and preventing Q to R 5th apparently makes all secure.	
11. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q B 2nd	25. K to R 2nd	R to Q 5th
12. Q to B 2nd	P to Q R 4th	26. B to Kt 4th	R to Q 6th
Black's K B is strongly placed, and ought to be dislodged. B to K 3rd seems effectual for that purpose.		27. Q to Q R 4th	R takes P
13. K R to K sq		28. Q R to K B 3rd	R takes R
An ill-judged move, greatly weakening the position. B to K 3rd should still have been played.		29. P takes R	P to K R 4th
14. P takes B	Kt to Q 5th	30. Q to Kt 5th	P takes B
15. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	31. P takes P	R to Q 7th (ch)
16. B to K 3rd		32. R to Kt 2nd	Kt takes P (ch), and wins.
At last, but too late. In fact, it is so weak now that it partly leads to the loss of the game. Both Bishops should have been kept as long as possible.			
16. B takes B			

Game played recently between Two Amateurs.

(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J. A. W. H.)	BLACK (Mr. P. H. H.)	WHITE (Mr. J. A. W. H.)	BLACK (Mr. P. H. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	13. R to Q B sq	
2. P to Q B 3rd		Giving up the K P, but he obtains an equivalent in position.	
A variation of the Sicilian game which does not appear in the books.		14. Castles	Q takes P
3. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	B takes B seems preferable; if Kt takes B, 15. Q takes Kt, &c.	Q Kt to Q B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
5. Kt takes P	P to K 3rd	16. B takes Q B P	R to Q sq
Black's treatment of the opening is not to be commended. White will have three pieces in play before his opponent has one in action.		Kt takes B is better.	
6. B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	B to Q 2nd	17. B takes B (ch)	R takes B
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd	18. K R to Q sq	
8. Q to R 4th	P takes P	B to B 5th would have been more attacking.	
9. Kt takes P	Q to Kt 3rd	19. Q to R 3rd	Q to Q Kt 4th
10. Kt to K 4th	B to Q B 4th	20. B to Q B 5th	Castles.
11. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	21. B takes Kt	R to K sq
12. Kt takes B		22. Q takes R	Q R takes B
This greatly relieves Black's cramped game. The correct line of play seems to be 12. B takes B (ch) 13. Castles King's side, and White's superiority of position is manifest.		23. R to Q 8th (ch)	R to K sq
12. Q takes Kt		24. R to Q 8th	K to B sq
		White omitted to take this move into account when he sacrificed his Queen. The game was continued for a few more moves, and resulted in a draw.	

Mr. Robert V. Skinner has been unanimously chosen Mayor of Winchelsea; and Major Robert Curteis Stileman, Deputy Mayor.

Madame Tussaud and Sons have added an imposing group to their hall. It has been modelled and designed to give a realistic representation of the lying-in-State of the late Emperor of Germany. The Emperor is shown lying on the camp-bedstead which is ever associated with his individuality in the palace and on the field. On either side of the bed massive candelabra burn, and the catafalque is gorgeously veiled with purple velvet and gold.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

"Show" Sunday and Easter Sunday coming on the same day is a rare occurrence; but the forebodings of some artists that their friends would nearly all be out of town were not verified, for there were more people even than usual in the studios of the best-known painters. The fact is that "Studio Sunday" is growing, year by year, a more popular function, and threatens to become a real nuisance to the artists. The real object (which naturally is to let the painters' probable patrons and personal friends see the new works) is almost frustrated by the incursion of crowds of casual acquaintances, who come merely because they consider it fashionable to make the round of the studios. Of course there are many interesting people amongst the crowd. Here, in Mr. Frith's studio, is the popular author and stylish woman, Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), in a handsome long black velvet coat, with bretelles of silk braid passementerie. Here, in Mrs. Jopling's studio (where the popular painter, who says frankly that she loves her own sex, always has on these occasions a gathering of most interesting women), are at one moment four well-known literary ladies and two pretty actresses—one of them charming Miss Norreys, in a softly-draped gown of brown cloth, with a cape to match, relieved by a vest of pink crepe, and a big brown velvet hat above her red-gold hair. But, as a general rule, the studio visitors have nothing to do with any of the arts—and know nothing about them, if one may judge from the curious criticisms and observations that one overhears.

For example, Mr. Solomon's chief work this year is a large and powerful picture of the fate of that anti-Malthusian lady, Niobe, who presumed to jeer at the mother of Apollo and Diana for the smallness of her family, and was instantly punished by seeing the fourteen insignificant offspring of whom she boasted herself destroyed by the wrath of the son and daughter of Jupiter. There stands Niobe, stiffening into stone from excess of anguish as she gazes on her dying children fallen all around—a weird and ghastly picture. "Well, I don't quite know what it is about," says a lady guest. "Wait till you get home and I'll show it to you in the Bible!" responds her husband. Some people seem to expect to discover everything in that quarter, if it is not a positively modern scene, such as Mr. Frith's fishmonger distributing charity. Last year I heard a lady telling a friend that "The Judgment of Paris" was Adam giving Eve the apple. "But who are the other two?" asked her companion doubtfully. "Oh, they are the angels who are going to drive them out of Paradise, I expect," was the ready response. In Mr. Schmalz's studio, before his carefully-studied and elaborate picture, "Zenobia's Last Look at Palmyra," a lady cried in sudden amazement, "Why, isn't that a Roman soldier? Did she have anything to do with the Romans?" I should think that the depression of spirits of an artist when the crowd has departed, leaving the memory of such remarks behind it, is very severe.

There was intense interest shown in the first night of the new play at the Haymarket. The extraordinarily brilliant appearance of the house was in itself something to remember. Mrs. Kendal was one of the most striking figures, wearing a number of diamonds, and a rather eccentric dress of black silk draped with pink crepe de Chine, the latter forming a berthe round the low-cut body and half the short sleeves. Miss Marion Terry sat amongst the audience, in a dress of the period of the play; hers was a Watteau sacque of pale blue silk spotted with dark blue; it was cut open square in front, and trimmed with white roses there, while in her hand she carried a loose posy of lilies-of-the-valley. Lady Monckton had a smart red silk cloak, trimmed with a great deal of black lace, and some jet; this entirely covered the arms and neck, and yet looked dressy. In Paris, smart "theatre bodices," giving full protection to the wearer, and yet made so as to be "chic," are very generally worn; there is no place more draughty than the theatre, and it would be a good thing if this sensible fashion grew up amongst us. Mrs. Savile Clarke, also, was wrapped in a long mantle; hers was of white satin, trimmed with beaver.

As to the dresses on the stage, they are very interesting—carried out so thoroughly that, combined with the beauty of the scenery, one seemed to see a picture by Watteau or Boucher in life. The style is, of course, Louis XV. Enormous hoops distend petticoats of brocade or satin, over which are polonaises—sometimes trained and sometimes just touching the ground—that open up the front of the skirt to show the handsome petticoat, the edges of the opening being generally trimmed. The necks are cut low in square in front, but are high behind, sometimes forming tight-fitting, long-waisted, plain bodies, while sometimes there is a loose train beginning in folds at the neck. The sleeves invariably reach the elbow, and are finished with a deep full frill of lace. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has had the happy thought of sketching several of the figures on his programme, which will be preserved accordingly to give hints for fancy dress at balls of the future. The Pompadour's own Court dress was, fittingly, something more magnificent than the rest: it was a white brocade sacque over a tulle petticoat, crossed and recrossed with a trellis of pink roses, and the waist was relieved with a broad belt of blue. In itself the style of dress is not artistic or beautiful; but it is quaint, and not without a stately grace growing out of its very clumsiness, as is seen in the slow elegance of the "gavotte of swords" danced in the fourth act.

A movement is on foot to purchase an annuity for Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, the well-known Lancashire novelist, as a testimonial from the many admirers of her wholesome, careful, and historically valuable novels. Mrs. Banks is sixty-seven years old, and her pen, though not idle, toils where it used to run. The treasurer is Mr. Bickerdike, of Winwood House, Canonbury-park.—Miss Agnes Larkcom, the well-known singer, is to be married on April 14, quite privately. Surely weddings attended only by the nearest friends and relatives of the contracting parties are in better taste than great crowds of indifferent spectators staring at the most solemn and most private ceremony of life.—In contrast to this idea, London blank walls and hoardings are covered with enormous red bills, inviting the public to go, as to a spectacle, at a charge of five shillings a head, to see one of "General" Booth's daughters married to a Hindoo.—A "convention of women" has just been held at Washington to discuss female employment, education, charitable efforts, public duties, and everything else connected with the "wider sphere" of womanhood. England is not very adequately represented at the convention. It reads curiously when one sees on the programme that "the Rev. Ada This" and "Rev. Mary That" will conduct services on Sunday; for, though we have some very well-known women preachers here, as Mrs. Reany, Mrs. "General" Booth, and Mrs. Lucas of Sunderland, we have not yet given any of them the title of "Reverend"; nor do they take entire charge of churches of any denomination. Usually, I believe, they are Unitarian churches in America that accept women as sole ministers; but once, at least, a lady minister, "the Rev. Miss Harris," was permitted to officiate as chaplain in the prayers which open the State Senate of Maine.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The annual Easter Monday field-day and military manoeuvres of the metropolitan and other Volunteer corps in the Home Counties took place on ground to the west of Dover, between the road from that town to Shorncliffe and the road from Kearsney to Wolverton and Alkham, extending three miles in that direction, with a width of about two miles. An engagement was represented between an attacking force, under Major-General Philip Smith, consisting of 7100 men of all ranks and arms, who advanced eastward from Folkestone; and the defending force, about 6300, under Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, holding the line from St. Radigund's Abbey southward to the village of Hougham, with the advanced positions of Mount Ararat and West Hougham. The mimic battle commenced at half-past eleven, and was continued till ten minutes before two o'clock, but its tactics were apparently not very closely connected, taking rather the form of separate conflicts between particular battalions. There was a feigned attack on Colonel Methuen's right flank, towards St. Radigund's, but the really stubborn fight was between Church Hougham and Park Hill, where the heavy guns of the Cinque Ports Artillery supported the defence; and Colonel Methuen might, if he had been allowed more time, have brought round his right wing to take the attacking army in flank, and to inflict a manifest defeat on his opponent. The troops on both sides were readily obedient to command, and executed their movements in a creditable style. They were reviewed, at three o'clock, on the level ground of Elm Vale, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who was accompanied by Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., General Fremantle, and the officers of the head-quarters staff; and in the marching past the Volunteer corps made a very good appearance, for which they have been officially commended. The Mayor of Dover, Mr. Crundall, entertained his Royal Highness, with the staff, and some other guests, including Earl Granville, at a luncheon in a barn handsomely decorated for the occasion. Before the march past the Commander-in-Chief specially inspected the Cyclist Corps, who were honoured with the first place at the head of the troops.

On Saturday, March 31, there was a field-day for the Volunteers at Eastbourne, reinforced by regular troops and other Volunteers from London, Brighton, and other places. These were divided into opposing forces, under Colonel Trotter and Colonel Auchinleck. A series of operations led to an engagement at Jevington, which was followed by a march past Sir Baker Russell, who was in chief command.

The naval attack on Hayling Island and the south-eastern defences of Portsmouth resulted in a victory for the assailants. It was made by a flotilla of coast defence gun-boats and other small craft, laden with marines, bluejackets, and the 4th Middlesex Rifles. A landing was effected in spite of a force nearly equal in numbers being posted for the defence. The defenders then retreated, and afterwards joined with the attacking party in a march past the General in command.

A sham fight between three Volunteer battalions and the Regular troops quartered at Aldershot took place in the Long Valley, and was followed by a march past.

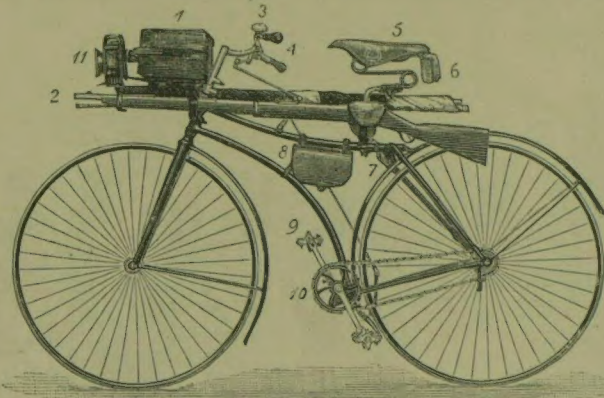
The Easter Volunteer Review of 1888 will be noted for the official inauguration of a very remarkable novelty in military practice. The newly constituted "Cyclist Corps," to be henceforth enrolled as the 26th Middlesex Battalion of Rifle Volunteers, after taking an active part in the Easter Monday manoeuvres, between Shorncliffe and Dover, joined the other troops in marching past the Commander-in-Chief, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. This corps had performed, on Good Friday afternoon, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, the rehearsal of an attack on the bridge of Winterbourne, two miles north of that city; and its headquarters were at Guildford. Much curiosity is felt all over England with regard to the organisation, equipment, drill, and method of action, which have been approved for cyclist riflemen, as it has, we understand, been signified by the War Office that every Volunteer battalion in the country may have twenty cyclists. We will here give some details, with the aid of our Illustrations.

The Cyclist Corps, to rank as the 26th Middlesex in the list of our Rifle Volunteers, will muster about two hundred when complete, and has for some time past been assembled for general drill, of late nearly every week, on Saturdays, on Wimbledon-common, not far from the great flagstaff. Its commander is Colonel Savile, Professor of Tactics at the Royal Military Staff College, Sandhurst; among its leading officers are Lieutenant Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish, Captain Miller, and Lieutenant Lown, of the Bloomsbury Rifle Corps. The uniform is of a pale dead-blue colour, almost blue-grey, with forage caps of the cavalry pattern, of the same colour, and with accoutrements of yellowish brown leather; the tunic has plaits like those of a Norfolk jacket; the cyclist wears knickerbockers, fastened by two buttons below the knee; woollen stockings of the same colour and stout walking-boots. A bandolier, containing fifty rounds of ammunition, is slung over the right shoulder. Its divisions are so arranged, that the two compartments on the left-hand side, under the arm, hold each five cartridges only, but all the other divisions have ten cartridges in each; and when, in shifting the bandolier round, the buckle which was at the back comes in front of the breast, the rifleman knows that he has only ten cartridges remaining. The officers wear jackets of a darkish brown colour. The cyclists have no overcoats, but only capes, as their lower limbs must have free movement. Their arms are the ordinary rifle and bayonet, or sword bayonet, of infantry soldiers.

At present, nineteen-twentieths of the whole corps ride on bicycles, the use of the tricycle being conceded to a few, including more than one gallant veteran officer, who have not mastered the more difficult instrument of locomotion. The approved model bicycle, for military service, with all its special appliances, is that shown in our Illustration, and is a good roadster. To this, for the ordinary rifleman, the following articles are slung: the rifle; the bayonet or sword-bayonet; the extra ammunition pouch, with fifty more cartridges; the haversack; the satchel, with necessities for campaigning; the cape, rolled up and laid over the satchel; and the lantern, for travelling at night. Signallers carry on the bicycle, in addition, one or two signalling-flags rolled up and laid over the rifle on the left-hand side, and a signalling-lantern. The rifle is slung just above the main wheel, in a metal catch that holds it tight underneath the seat; and it can be instantly grasped by the right hand. The bayonet or sword-bayonet hangs perpendicularly between the two wheels. When the man dismounts, and takes his rifle and bayonet, he is quite ready for action as an infantry soldier, having his fifty cartridges in his bandolier. Cyclists will thus be able to do whatever is expected of other mounted infantry. An officer has his sword, slung to his cycle, instead of a rifle.

The cyclist members of different Volunteer Corps, such as the London Scottish, who may accompany the new Cyclist Corps in their present marches and manoeuvres, will probably have some accoutrements not precisely the same as those described, or in the same position. Their plaids or their capes, for instance, may be carried in a roll over the shoulder.

There will also be differences of uniform; and while some carry an ammunition-pouch, instead of a bandolier, the satchel, the haversack, or the water-bottle, is also a matter of detail varying with particular corps. But the typical Cyclist Rifleman is equipped, in all essentials, with the machine by which he is conveyed, in the manner we have stated. These



1. Satchel.—2. Rifle.—3. Bell.—4. Steering Handle and Drag.—5. Seat.
6. Bicycle Implements.—7. Bayonet.—8. Spare ammunition, 50 rounds.
9. Pedals.—10. Cogwheel and Chain, for increased speed.—11. Lantern.

THE CYCLIST CORPS' BICYCLE, WITH MILITARY EQUIPMENT.

Volunteer Riflemen, when on foot, are drilled in the same way as other infantry, usually in single rank, but sometimes in double rank. Their complete drill vocabulary contains, of course, a few expressions not common to infantry: "Sling rifles!" "Unsling rifles!" "Mount!" "Dismount!" and "Stack cycles!" The last operation is performed, with the bicycles, either by placing them to lean against one another, or by piling them flat on the ground.

MILLIONAIRES.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech, referring to the revenue derived from the Probate duty, said that there had been, during the last financial year, two of the largest estates that have ever had to submit to the tax, both of them amounting to upwards of £3,000,000; these were Hugh Macdonald's, £3,121,000; and Baron De Stern's, £3,541,000; and that there had been a third estate of £1,800,000, Lord Wolverton's. He impressed upon the Committee of the Commons that these were windfalls, and illustrated it by the fact that there had only been three estates of £3,000,000 during the last twenty years.

Many persons, in their lifetimes, are popularly spoken of as millionaires; but, when their estates are brought to the test of the payment of Probate duty, the popular voice frequently proves to be wrong. There have been, however, a good many estates over a million in the last ten years, in addition to the three estates already named, and the following will be found a tolerably correct list:—In 1878, John Penn, the engineer, £1,000,000; the Earl of Dysart, £1,700,000; Richard Thornton West, £1,000,000; Sir F. Goldsmid, £1,000,000. In 1879, Robert Thomson Crawshaw, £1,200,000; Baron Lionel De Rothschild, £2,700,000; John Remington Mills, £1,200,000. In 1880, the Duke of Portland, £1,500,000; John Michael Williams, £1,600,000; Thomas Wrigley, £1,300,000; Edward Mackenzie, £1,000,000. In 1883, George Wythes, £1,500,000. In 1884, Lord Overstone, £2,100,000; Robert Macdonald, £1,333,000; Sir James Walker, Bart., £1,134,000; William Foster, £1,180,000; Michael Thomas Bass, £1,830,000. In 1885, the Earl of Dudley, £1,026,000; Arthur James, £1,049,000; James Fletcher, £1,394,000. In 1888, Sir W. Miller, Bart., £1,023,000.

A meeting under the auspices of the Home Colonisation Society was held on March 28, at Kensington Townhall, where the Rev. Herbert V. Mills gave an explanation of his home colonisation scheme. A discussion followed his address.

The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Christian have given their patronage to Madame Cellini for her concert in aid of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, which will take place (by kind permission) at the Countess of Dudley's, on April 25.

"The Dawn of the Twentieth Century" (Field and Tuer) is a thoughtful brochure by an anonymous author evidently experienced in affairs. It is an endeavour to peer into the future, wherein the writer sees France vanquished by Germany in another great war; and forecasts a happier and more prosperous England, with the Prince of Wales reigning over a united and extended empire as King Edward VII., her Majesty being Queen Dowager, and Europe at peace at "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century."

At the Alexandra Docks, Liverpool, on March 25, the first party of emigrants sent out during the present year to the British Colonies in North America by the Church Emigration Society embarked on board the Allan steam-ship Polynesian. The party numbered about seventy persons, principally of the agricultural class, and they proceed to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, under the charge of the Rev. Mark Jukes, of Minnedosa, Manitoba. Last year the society, which is voluntary in character and assists emigrants, certified members of the Church of England, by grants and loans, sent out to the various British Colonies over four hundred persons.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the supporters of the Post Office Orphan Homes took place on March 28, at Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate-street. Mr. R. C. Tombs, Controller of the London Postal Service, presided, and urged the necessity of all post-office servants throughout the country becoming members of the institution. Mr. Avery, the general secretary, then read the annual report, which showed that the total receipts for last year were £5660. The expenditure on the maintenance of children and general expenses were £4198, leaving a balance in hand of £1462. They had in the homes 124 children, who were maintained at a cost of £27 per annum each child.

Under the title of "An Easter Carnival" an entertainment was provided during Easter week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which gave the public of the present day an opportunity of seeing how our ancestors of a hundred years back would have spent their bank holiday, had Sir John Lubbock's institution been in vogue then. The floor of the hall was laid out as old Islington-green, on which various ancient sports, such as the May-pole dance, climbing the greasy pole, sack races, &c., for prizes, were duly carried out. A race for money prizes, under the superintendence of the *Sporting Life*, was held. A variety entertainment, comprising athletic and acrobatic performances, was also given, the proceedings being enlivened by military and other bands.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1887), with two codicils (dated Aug. 5 and Dec. 4, 1887), of Mr. Alfred Towgood, J.P., late of Riversfield, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, and of Helpston, Northamptonshire, paper manufacturer, who died on Feb. 27 last, was proved on March 22 by Robert Louis Towgood, the son, and Edward Snow Fordham, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, books, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Frances Ellen Towgood; £15,000 to his eldest son, Robert Louis; £10,000 each to his younger children—Mary Grace, Alfred Lawrence, Walter Richard, Harry Stoe, and Aubrey Fordham; but an advancement of £4000 made to his son Alfred Lawrence is to be deducted; £1000 to his niece, Frederica Margaret Towgood; and £100 to his executor Mr. Fordham. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as she shall appoint. In default of such appointment, the residue, on his wife's death, is to go to all his children equally.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 1, 1887), of Mr. George Duppa, late of Hollingbourne House, Kent, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on March 23, by William Gladwin Turbutt, the nephew, and Richard Henry Goodwin Gladwin, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his son, Bryan Baldwin George Duppa; his furniture, plate, wines, and effects to his nephew, Richard Duppa Turbutt; and legacies to his executors, nephews, nieces, and others. All his pictures and diamonds are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house known as Hollingbourne House. The said mansion house, and all his messuages, lands, and hereditaments in the parishes of Hollingbourne, Hucking, Wormshill, Thurnham, Stockbury, All-Hallows, and Stoke, or elsewhere in the county of Kent, and all other the residue of his real and personal estate he settles upon his said nephew, Richard Duppa Turbutt, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; but there is a gift over in the event of any person entitled as tenant for life or in tail becoming a Roman Catholic. Any person becoming entitled in possession to the said settled property is required to take the ancient family name and arms of De Upghaugh.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of Office of the Commissary Court of Aberdeenshire, of the will (dated April 12, 1887) of Sir Francis William Grant, Bart., formerly Captain 16th Lancers, late of Monymusk, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on Dec. 13 last, granted to Colonel Adam Blandy, Major Loftus Dashwood, and Colonel Edmund Lomax Fraser, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on March 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £35,000.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1866) of Baron Abramo Franchetti, formerly of Leghorn, but late of San Mauro, Turin, who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved in London on March 22 by Baron Raimondo Franchetti, the son, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths 300 Italian lire per annum for five years to be expended in the distribution of bread for the poor of the Commune of San Mauro; and 5000 Italian lire each to the Royal Mendicity Charity and the Jewish Society, both of Turin. He appoints as the heir of his disposable property his said son, and as the heirs of the remainder of his property his said son and his daughter Elisa, but the latter is to bring into account the amount of her dowry. The provision made by the testator for his wife lapses, through her death in his lifetime.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Dann, late of Bradbourne House, Bexley, Kent, who died on Feb. 11 last, was proved on March 15 by Henry Dann, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. With the exception of a legacy to the executor, the provisions of the will are wholly in favour of testator's wife, Mrs. Emily Mary Dann, his daughters Emma Dann and Lucy Robinson, and his grandsons Stuart Skeffington Robinson and Bertie Leonard Robinson.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1887), with two codicils (dated Sept. 9 and Dec. 22 following), of Mr. Francis Jonathan Clarke, late of Bracebridge Hall, Lincolnshire, who died on Jan. 29 last, at Bournemouth, was proved at the Lincoln District Registry, on March 6, by William Beard, Alderman and J.P. for Lincoln, and Frederick Brown, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator gives £300 per annum for the benefit of his wife, Mrs. Betsy Ann Clarke; an annuity of £100 to his mother; £200, besides other payments for their trouble and expenses, to each of his executors; £100 to his clerk, Henry Passey; £50 to the Rev. Canon Croft; and he authorises his executors to distribute, at their discretion, a sum not exceeding £200 among his staff and servants, to give any articles belonging to him to his friends, and to continue some weekly payments to poor people. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his children; and he empowers his executors to carry on his business.

The nineteenth annual conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers was held at Cheltenham on April 2 and the three following days.

Mr. Gilhooly, M.P., was on March 30 sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment, for assaulting a county inspector, at Schull, Cork.

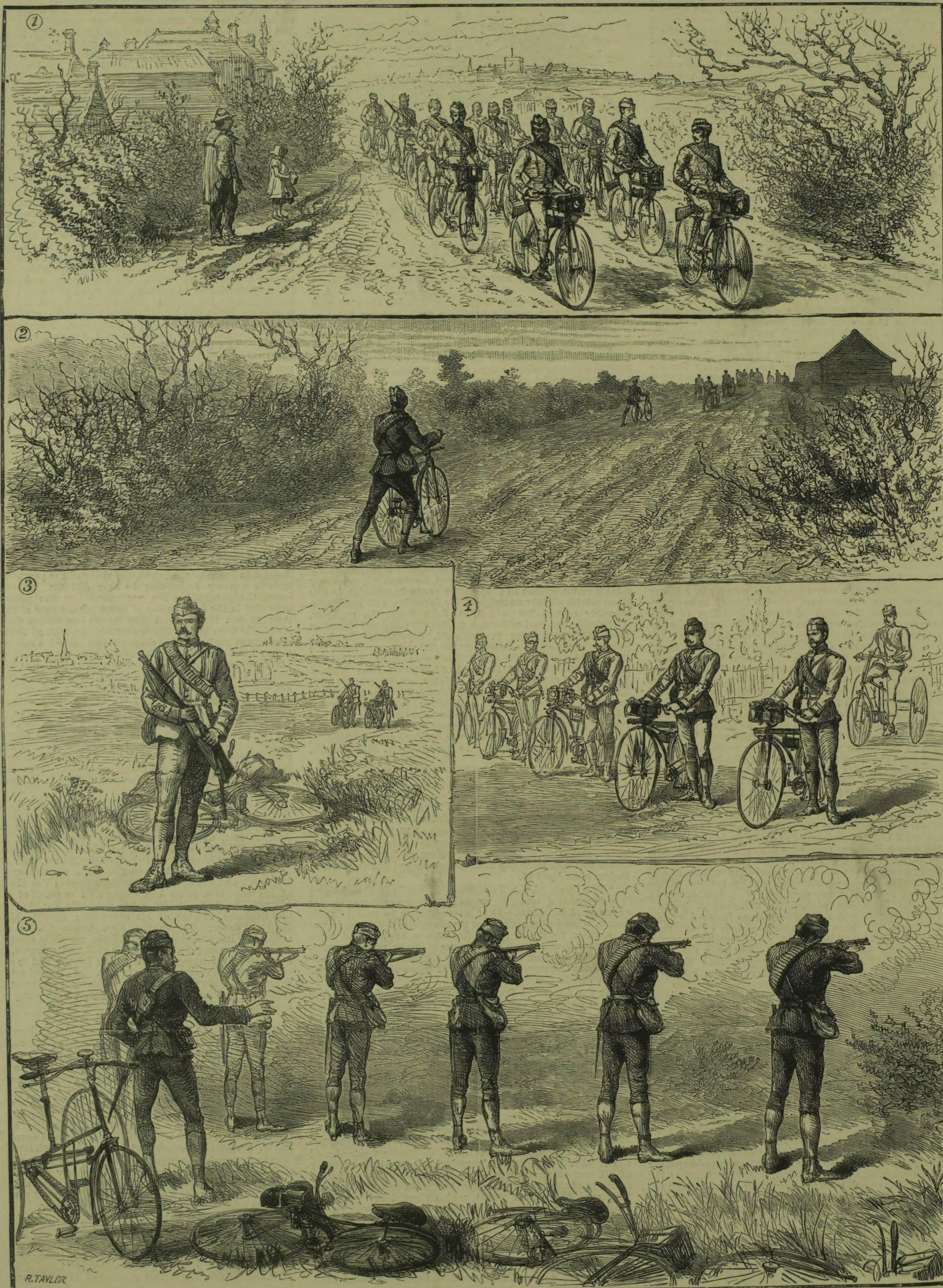
Special Good Friday services were held in many of the places of worship in the metropolis. Prebendary Scott preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, Dean Bradley at Westminster Abbey, and the Rev. W. Wyatt at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. Dr. Sullivan preached at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.

The first spring flower exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society was held on March 27, at their new and temporary quarters, the Drill-hall of the London Scottish R.V., James-street, Victoria-street, S.W. The show was a great success, the exhibits being numerous and of a high character.

An Anglo-Danish Exhibition and Fête will be held during the summer months at South Kensington, under the direct patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, in aid of the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables at Clapham.

Presiding over the annual meeting of the Governors of the Corporation for Middle-class Education, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor urged that in the tuition of those who were intended for a commercial career more attention should be given to modern languages, geography, handwriting and book-keeping than was at present the case.

The first of Mr. Brandram's Saturday recitals at Steinway Hall will be given this afternoon, April 7—consisting of selections from Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" and from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and "Poor Richard's Sayings." The other recitals, seven in number, are to be given weekly at the same time and place.



1. Head of Cyclist Column leaving Guildford on the march to Salisbury.
4. Preparing to mount at the words "Attention!—Mount!"

2. A stiff ascent over the Hog's Back. 3. Cyclist Scouts on the alert.
5. Dismounted Cyclists of the new Cyclist Corps (26th Middlesex) receiving Cavalry with a volley.

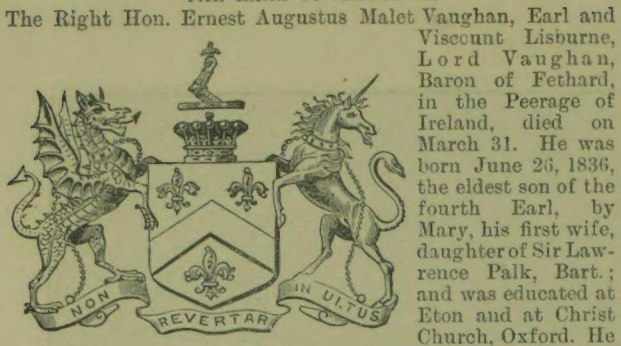
CYCLISTS AT THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.



ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: PRUSSIAN UHLANS OF THE GUARD ON RECONNAISSANCE DUTY.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LISBURNE.



The Right Hon. Ernest Augustus Malet Vaughan, Earl and Viscount Lisburne, Lord Vaughan, Baron of Fethard, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on March 31. He was born June 26, 1836, the eldest son of the fourth Earl, by Mary, his first wife, daughter of Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart.; and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded his father Nov. 8, 1873. He married, first, June 24, 1858, Gertrude Laura, third daughter of Mr. Edwin Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire; and secondly, May 15, 1878, Alice D'Alton, daughter of Mr. Edmund Probyn, of Huntley Manor, Gloucestershire. By the former (who died March 29, 1865) he leaves two daughters—Lady Ida Constance, wife of Mr. Seymour C. H. Monro; and Lady Lucy, wife of Mr. Martin Albert Silber—and one son, Arthur Henry George, Lord Vaughan, now sixth Earl of Lisburne, D.L., born July 30, 1862. The Vaughans, of Trawscoed, in Wales, though invested with an Irish peerage, are a Cambrian family of very ancient descent, possessing Trawscoed since 1200.

SIR CHRISTOPHER RAWLINSON.

Sir Christopher Rawlinson, Knt., M.A., formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Madras, died on March 28, at No. 33, Eaton-square, in his eighty-second year. He was second son of Mr. John Rawlinson, of Upper Clatford and Alresford, Hants; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1828, and was called to the Bar in 1831. From 1840 to 1847, he was Recorder of Portsmouth; from 1847 to 1849, Recorder of the Straits Settlements, and from 1850 to 1859, Chief Justice of Madras. He married, in 1847, Georgina Maria, daughter of Mr. Alexander Radclyffe Sidebottom.

MR. E. D. GRAY, M.P.

Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, M.P. for the St. Stephen's-green Division of the city of Dublin, died on March 27, at his residence, Pembroke House. He was born in December, 1815, the son of the late Sir John Gray, M.P., of Charleville House, county Dublin, by Anna, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Dwyer, of Limerick, and succeeded his father in the proprietorship of the *Freeman's Journal*, of which he was the energetic manager until that paper was transferred to a limited liability company, when he became managing director. After unsuccessfully contesting Kilkenny in 1875, he was returned in the Home Rule interest for Tipperary in 1877. He sat for that county until 1880, when he became M.P. for the county of Carlow, from April in that year to November, 1885, and for the St. Stephen's-green Division of Dublin from the latter date up to the day of his death. He was for many years an active member of the Corporation of Dublin, served as Lord Mayor in 1880, and as High Sheriff in 1882. He married, in 1869, Caroline, daughter of Major Archibald Chisholm, and leaves one son and two daughters.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. C. ELTON.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Cockayne Elton, V.C., late of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers and the 55th Borderers, died on March 24, aged fifty-five. He was son of the Rev. William T. Elton, Rector of White Staunton, Somerset. He entered the Army, and served with distinguished gallantry throughout the Crimean campaign (at Inkermann, the Fall of Sebastopol, &c.), was mentioned in despatches, received a medal with two clasps, the Legion of Honour, the fifth class Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. The Victoria Cross was the reward of his brilliant conduct on the night of Aug. 4, 1855. Colonel Elton married, in 1863, Maria Jane, daughter of Mr. Robert F. Rynd, of Ryndville, in the county of Meath.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Augustus Mongredien, a well-known writer on free trade, on March 30, at Forest-hill, in his eighty-second year.

Mr. John Hibbert, of Braywick Lodge, Berks, J.P., B.A. Camb., barrister-at-law, on March 28, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. Doane Courtenay Bell, F.S.A., Secretary to her Majesty's Privy Purse, on March 26, aged fifty-seven.

The Hon. Louisa Emily Baring, daughter of Alexander, first Lord Ashburton, on March 23, at No. 23, Prince's-gate, aged eighty-two.

Major Samuel Cross-Starkey, of Wrenbury Hall, Cheshire, J.P., late Major H.E.I.C.S., on March 28, at his seat, near Nantwich, aged eighty-one.

Mr. A. O. Charles, well known in connection with the Farningham and Swanley Homes for Little Boys, on March 29, at Tulse Hill, aged fifty-seven.

The Dowager Countess of Caledon, on March 30, after a short illness, at Tyttenhanger, near St. Albans. She was the fourth daughter of the late Earl of Verulam, and was born in 1825, and marrying, in 1845, the late Earl of Caledon, was left a widow in 1855. She had issue three sons, the present Earl of Caledon, the Hon. Walter Alexander (Royal Scots Greys),

and the Hon. Charles Alexander (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), and a daughter, Lady Jane, married recently to Captain Von Koughnet, R.N. Lady Caledon was for some years a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and of late an Extra Lady of the Bed-chamber to her Majesty.

The Hon. Charles Edwin Lowther, third son of Henry, third Earl of Lonsdale, and heir presumptive to the present Peer, on April 2, in his twenty-ninth year.

Louisa, Lady Parish, widow of Sir Woodbine Parish, K.C.H., and sister of the first Lord Addington, on March 20, at Quarry House, St. Leonards-on-Sea, aged seventy-three.

General James Robertson Craufurd, late of the Grenadier Guards, and Colonel 1st Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, on March 27, aged eighty-four.

Louisa Elizabeth, widow of his Excellency Torben De Bille, formerly Danish Minister at the Court of St. James's, and second daughter of Sir Compton Domville, first Baronet of Santry, on March 26, at Ashburton House, Putney-heath, in her seventieth year.

The Rev. Charles William King, M.A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a great collector of antique gems, author of a "Handbook of Engraved Gems," "The Gnostics and Their Remains," and other works, illustrative of his favourite study.

The Rev. William Quekett, for thirty years Rector of Warrington, formerly of St. George's-in-the-East, London, described by Charles Dickens as "a model curate," on March 30, aged eighty-six. His autobiography, "My Sayings and Doings," was published very recently.

The Dowager Lady Wake, widow of Sir C. Wake, the tenth Baronet, at the residence of her son, Mr. Drury Wake, Pitsford, Northamptonshire, on April 2, aged eighty-eight. She was sister to the late Archbishop of Canterbury and grandmother of Sir Hereward Wake, present Baronet.

Lady Margaret Anne Beaumont, wife of Mr. Wentworth Blackett Beaumont, M.P., of Bretton, Yorkshire, and Bywell Hall, Northumberland, and fourth daughter of Ulick, late Marquis of Clanricarde, K.P., by Harriet, his wife, only daughter of the Right Hon. George Canning, on March 31, aged fifty-seven.

UHLANS OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

In the history of the wonderful campaign of August, 1870, preceding the complete defeat of the army of the French Empire at Sedan, one most remarkable feature is the activity of the numerous German Cavalry thrown out in advance of the powerful forces that moved from the frontier of Alsace and Lorraine, through the region of the Moselle and the Meuse, driving Marshal MacMahon and the Emperor before them into a corner whence it was impossible to retreat further. The detachments of Uhlans, sent forward on scouting service, often rode thirty miles ahead of the army to which they belonged; they reached and passed the Marne, and the alarm of their ubiquitous movements, disturbing the Camp of Châlons, greatly influenced the French decision to retire westward or northward, though it was the hope of relieving Bazaine from his beleaguement at Metz that induced MacMahon, finally, to give up his intention to fall back on Paris. The chief share in those extraordinary performances of the invaders' cavalry was borne by the Prussian Uhlans, a peculiar adjunct of the twelve Army Corps furnished to the German hosts by the Kingdom ruled by his late Majesty William I. Each Prussian Army Corps, under the organisation devised by Von Roon, the able late Minister of War, consisted of two divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, a regiment of field artillery, siege artillery, a battalion of Jägers, engineers, and military train, with Uhlans or Lancers for special duties. These Uhlans, a corps whose formation is of Polish origin, are admirably well suited to their work as patrolling and outpost cavalry, and advanced guards; they are men of trained intelligence, expert travellers, and accustomed to act for themselves in an emergency, and to explore the topography of a country, besides which their officers are supplied with good maps, of which the Berlin General Staff keeps a vast collection, relating to every country in Europe. It appeared, on several occasions, that they knew more about the roads in France than did any of the officers of the French Army. The Uhlans are carefully instructed in every detail of horsemanship, and of the care of horses; they are always serviceably mounted, as the Prussian Government maintains large breeding-studs, and many remount depôts, in different places of North Germany, providing at least 7000 horses yearly for its own army, which are not admitted to service under six years old, and are then inspected by a regimental board, with the aid of the veterinary surgeon. The Hungarian saddle, used by Uhlans and Hussars, is of peculiar construction, with a wooden frame, underneath which is placed a movable padding of straw, and a thick horse-blanket, saving the animal from a sore back; the rider's seat is on a raised strip of leather, tightly drawn over the hollow of the saddle from iron forks at the pommel and cantle, and laced across with leather thongs, which form an elastic support for the weight of his body. Holsters, one containing a pistol, the other with articles of his personal kit, a mantle folded up, a haversack with one ration of grain, a bag with spare underclothing, a pair of shoes hanging from iron rings on the saddle, and a simple cooking-kit, are attached to the horse's equipment. The Uhlan is armed with a cavalry sword, and a long lance having a small pennon at its end; he usually rides in his long great-coat, prepared to travel anywhere, and well able to take care of himself.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 3.

General Boulanger, having been placed on the retired list, is henceforward free to devote himself to political life and to attempt all the adventures he pleases. His first public act is a manifesto or proclamation, addressed to the electors of the Department of the Nord, on the platform of Dissolution and Revision; the idea being that the General wishes to become Dictator of the Republic, and to attain that position by means of a revision of the present Constitution. In view of the elections in the Nord, which will take place on April 15, the Boulangists are carrying on a vigorous campaign. The mystery is—who is providing the money?

The first effect of the General's manifesto was to create a violent commotion in Parliament and to precipitate the fall of the Tirard Cabinet, in the sitting of Friday last. As usual, it was a coalition between M. Clémenceau's friends and the Monarchists which did the mischief; and it was on the question of revision that the issue was taken. Why so? Because General Boulanger—who was originally invented by M. Clémenceau—had taken the Radicals' idea of a revision of the Constitution for his electoral platform, and M. Clémenceau wanted to get this idea back again. To do this, he called in the aid of the adversaries of the Republic; and 268 deputies against 237 voted "urgency" on a proposition of revision, the majority being made up of incoherent elements—namely, Monarchists, Bonapartists, Radicals, Boulangists, and revolutionaries of various shades. This being the case, President Carnot did not call upon M. Clémenceau to form a new Cabinet, but upon the President of the Chamber, M. Charles Floquet, who accepted the difficult and dangerous task. M. Floquet is the last card that the Parliamentary Republic has to play.

M. Floquet, holding the portfolio of the Interior, has formed his Cabinet as follows:—M. De Freycinet, War; M. Goblet, Foreign Affairs; M. Peytral, Finance; M. Ferrouillat, Justice; M. Lockroy, Public Instruction; Admiral Krantz, Marine; M. Pierre Legrand, Commerce; M. Viette, Agriculture; and M. Deluns-Montaud, Public Works.

All the Republican groups of the Chamber are represented in this Ministry, which is the twenty-third that France has had since 1871, and the most pronouncedly Radical. M. Floquet's declaration, made in the Chamber and the Senate this afternoon, spoke of the necessity of union amongst the Republicans, and of the continuous development of French institutions "which passing and superficial agitations cannot arrest." The present Government, said M. Floquet, is opposed to no seriously elaborated reform, whatever it may be; but liberty, which does not proceed by the ways of dictatorship, cannot promise sudden transformations. M. Floquet accepts the idea of a revision of the Constitution, but reserves for the Government the privilege of fixing the moment for the consideration of the question. The declaration ends with a word about the Exhibition of 1889, and "the solemn celebration of the glorious centenary."

Sarah Bernhardt has made her début as a dramatic authoress in a one-act piece called "L'Aveu," which has been produced not without success at the Odéon. This success, however, was due more to the personality of the writer than to the play itself, which is laconic, complicated, and obscure, owing to the multiplicity of emotions involved. In this one act there is material enough for a long melodrama. The plot turns on the infidelity of a wife, but the attendant circumstances are too shocking to be related in these columns.

The French artists, who, of late years, find great difficulty in selling their productions in their own country, and the American market being less active than it was formerly, are seeking a new outlet in Denmark. Last week a Danish man-of-war left Havre loaded with French pictures and sculpture, which will be exhibited in Copenhagen during the coming Jubilee fêtes. The expenses of this exhibition of French art are borne by an amateur—Mr. Carl Jacobsen, a brewer—who owes his fortune to M. Pasteur's discoveries in fermentation, and who desires to show his gratitude towards M. Pasteur's countrymen.

T. C.

The German Emperor on March 23 took his first walk in the open air since his departure from San Remo for Charlottenburg. Accompanied by the Empress Victoria, his Majesty drove in an open carriage on March 30 to Berlin, and visited the Empress Augusta, being greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by the people. The Empress has received several deputations from many educational and charitable societies in Germany, and delivered a speech in which she referred to the high duties she had to fulfil as Empress, Queen, and wife. Prince Von Bismarck completed his seventy-third year, on Easter Sunday. He received in the morning a most gracious letter from the Emperor congratulating him on his birthday, and the Empress Victoria sent Princess Von Bismarck a beautiful bracelet, with her Majesty's and the Kaiser's initials set in diamonds on it, as a souvenir of the day. The present was also accompanied by a letter. Prince William dined with the Chancellor and his family, and proposed his host's health. The toast was responded to with due honours in a bumper of genuine German sparkling wine.—An amnesty has been granted to all persons condemned by the Prussian Courts for offences against the Sovereign and the State.

"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."

(From the *Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette*.)

When one has visited the Royal Dockyards at Woolwich and Chatham, and inspected the great ships of war, with their powerful armament, which the Admiralty are providing for the protection of her Majesty's extensive coast lines, he is at once satisfied that "Britannia still rules the waves." While there are obvious differences of opinion between experts relative to the value of large and small war-ships in action, one has only to come to Portsmouth Harbour and see such formidable ships as the *Inflexible*, the *Iron Duke*, the *Devastation*, and others of equal armament—costing upwards of a million sterling to produce—with myriads of small torpedo craft, to become convinced that, in the matter of naval construction, England is not only keeping abreast with other countries, but is excelling them. Portsmouth Dockyard and Portsmouth Harbour are names familiar throughout the civilised world. It is here that all the war-vessels and magnificent troop-ships of her Majesty's service are fitted out for foreign stations. It is said that these ships are supplied with every conceivable necessity for the comfort of the officers and men; every precaution is taken to provide against sickness and disease caused by the sudden change of climate to which troops are subjected. It is said that every vessel belonging to her Majesty's service leaving Portsmouth is not considered ready for sea without a liberal supply of St. Jacobs Oil. This marvellous remedy is not only used extensively on shipboard, but also in the several dockyards above mentioned. Mr. Frederick Payne, who lives at 62, Glaston-street, Landport, Portsmouth, and who has been connected with the Portsmouth Dockyard for upwards of fourteen years, hands us the particulars of the most marvellous cure effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in the case of his wife, who for eight years had been a fearful sufferer from rheumatism. Her limbs and shoulders were swollen to three times their natural size; her arms and hands were shapeless; much of the time her right shoulder was swollen to that extent that the top of the shoulder, and the side of her face came together, and she suffered the most intense pain. Four years ago the disease settled in her back, making her completely helpless, the heart became so much involved that she was unable to make the slightest exertion without experiencing great difficulty in breathing. The only way she could lie in bed was by having the back of a chair set up behind her, and padded with pillows. Her husband was obliged to carry her up and down stairs, night and morning, and she suffered such excruciating agony that she repeatedly fainted away. She became so much reduced in flesh that Mr. Payne says she was little more than a skeleton. She was treated by the best medical skill in Portsmouth and vicinity, employing four medical gentlemen in all,

each of whom told her and her husband that they could do nothing whatever for her—that her case was chronic and past all hope of recovery. Last summer, being a little better, she went to a small town in Sussex for a few weeks, where she had another violent attack, suffering the most intense agony; and here follows a very interesting and most providential circumstance. It seems that the lady to whose house Mrs. Payne was carried had herself been cured of rheumatism in the shoulder by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and was very urgent in her request for Mrs. Payne to try it. In less than five minutes after the first application Mrs. Payne began to experience cessation from pain. After the second application the pain had almost entirely disappeared, and before the contents of one bottle was exhausted, the pain and swelling had entirely gone and, although weak and feeble, Mrs. Payne could walk about the house and grounds. From that time on she made a most satisfactory, rapid, and permanent recovery. Both Mr. Payne and his wife say that she has not been as well as she is now for fourteen years. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are most respected people; both are members of the Wesleyan Chapel in Landport; and Mr. Payne, as above stated, has been employed at Portsmouth Dockyard for fourteen years. The above was such a remarkable case that some of the chemists and dealers in Landport were called upon with the object in view of obtaining further information respecting this marvellous remedy. Among others, Mr. Timothy White, 158 and 160, Commercial-road, Landport, Portsmouth, when interviewed, stated that the demand for this popular remedy was rapidly increasing, that he never buys less than sixty dozen at one order. When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties as those above mentioned, it is not to be wondered at that her Majesty's troop-ships are never considered ready for sea until a supply is on board.

The *Hull News* says:—"The following is remarkable proof of the astonishing powers of an astonishing new remedy:—Henry Coates, of 11, Cheatham-place, Adelaide street, Hull, railway employé, who had been a terrible sufferer for many years from rheumatism in its worst forms, having read of it, determined upon a trial, which has been attended with the most extraordinary results; and being anxious that his experience should be known to other sufferers, he determined to bring it forward in such a manner as to leave no possible doubt of its reliability. So he appeared before Mr. E. Singleton, a commissioner, and made oath as follows:—He affirmed that he had been totally unable to work for a long time, and had been confined to his bed for a considerable period; that he had tried various doctors and many remedies, but that he grew worse instead of better; that at that time his joints were so swollen that he could not wear boots, and two crutches were hardly sufficient to support him. After having heard of St. Jacobs Oil he purchased a bottle. In twelve hours he found relief; and, persevering in its use, he is now cured of rheumatism, works daily, and can not only walk with ease without a stick, but can run. He enthusiastically recommends this great remedy to anyone suffering from any form of rheumatism, as it has not only done wonders for him, but many of his friends."

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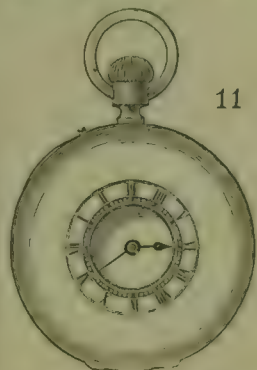
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BURNING OF THE BAQUET THEATRE, OPORTO.

CHARLOTTENBURG.

In the Palace of Charlottenburg, beyond the Thiergarten, on the west side of Berlin, the invalid newly-arrived Emperor, King Frederick III., has been residing since his return from San Remo. Charlottenburg is a small quiet town, which has arisen on the site of the village of Lietzow, where Sophia Charlotte, the widow of Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, the first King of Prussia, built herself a mansion at the end of the seventeenth century, imitating on a minor scale the Louis XIV. style of Versailles. The gardens were laid out by the celebrated French designer Le Nôtre. The apartments in the Palace furnished for the occupation of Kings and Queens of Prussia, who formerly chose to inhabit them, are decorated in the French taste of the time of Louis XVI. Since the death, in 1873, of the Dowager Queen Elizabeth, widow of Frederick William IV., Charlottenburg has not, until now, been the abode of Royalty; it has, like Kew or Hampton Court,



THE LATE MR. GERMAN REED.

been a favourite resort of visitors from the neighbouring city. The present dwelling of the Emperor and Empress is in the central part, under the dome of the north front range of buildings, which overlooks the gardens and the avenue to the Royal Mausoleum; the public road from Berlin is on the south side of the Palace.

THE LATE MR. GERMAN REED.

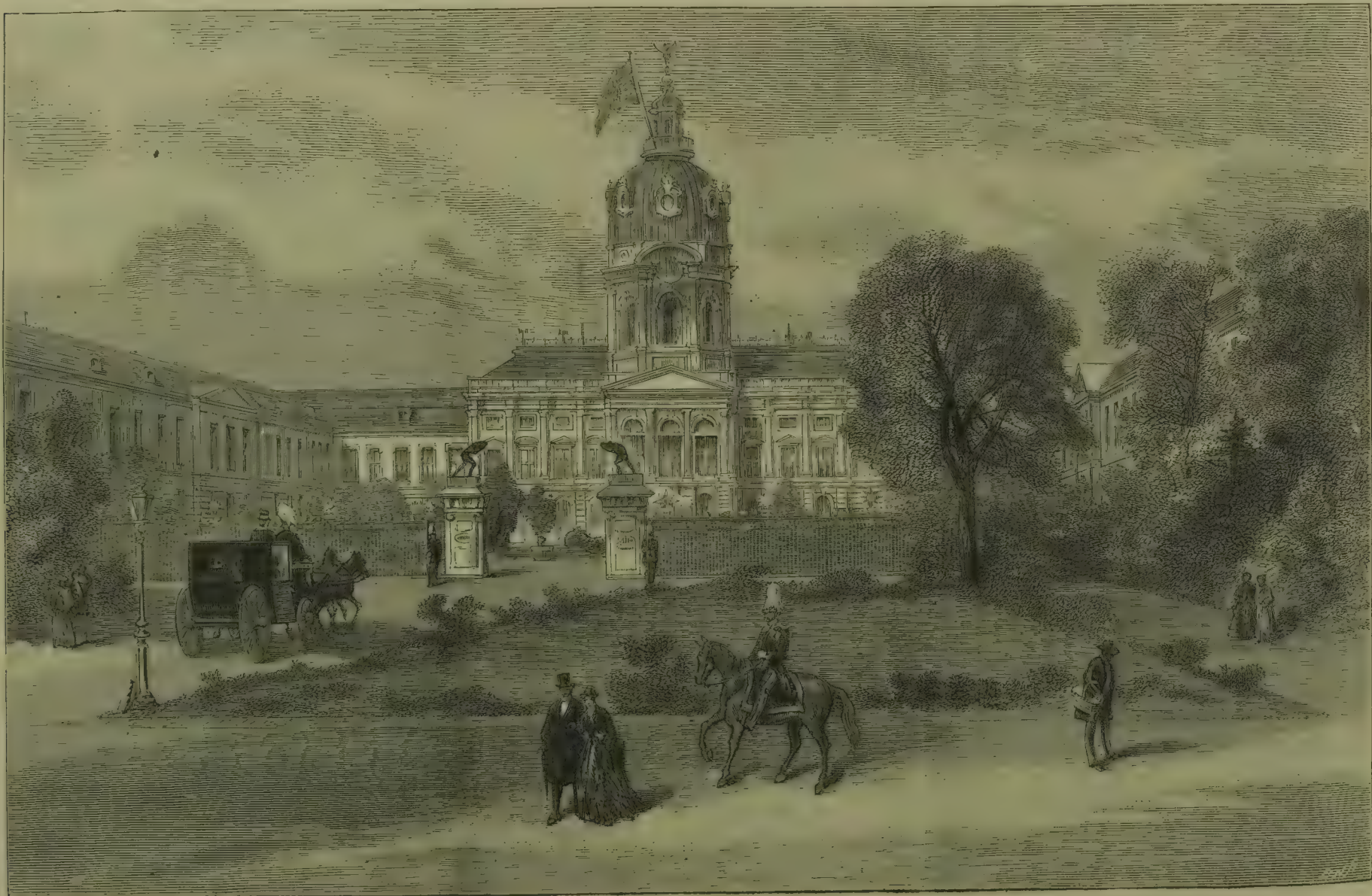
Many of those who have enjoyed the pleasant dramatic and musical entertainments formerly at the "Gallery of Illustration" in Regent-street, and latterly at St. George's Hall in Langham-place, will have heard with regret of the death of their successful founder and manager, Mr. Thomas German Reed. He was certainly a public benefactor in providing a special form of refined amusement, which somehow proved acceptable to a class of good people not accustomed to frequent the ordinary London theatres; and which permitted them to taste the delights of innocent stage comedy, gentle, harmless mimicry, and burlesque operatic singing, without risking their consistency amidst those incidental associations of popular and fashionable "play-going" denounced by scrupulous elders of the last generation. Mr. German Reed, himself a skilful musician and a fair actor of humorous parts, married an actress of high distinction, Miss Priscilla Horton, the original representative of Georgina Vesey in Lord Lytton's "Money." Mrs. German Reed came to evince a strong taste



INTERIOR OF THE BAQUET THEATRE, OPORTO.

for extravaganzas of the more refined order, and, in 1854, after taking part in some of Charles Kean's Shakespearean revivals at the Princess's, she and her husband went about the country with a piece designed to allow parodies of different styles of singing in Europe to be introduced. Such was the germ of the entertainments at the Gallery of Illustration, which for some time were supported by the talents, not only of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, but of Mr. John Parry, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. It was as a member of the company here that Mr. Corney Grain first attracted notice. Mr. Reed died in the seventy-first year of his age. The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. John Watkins, of Parliament-street.

The River Severn has been enriched by a consignment of 20,000 yearling salmon. This was the result of fish-cultural operations undertaken by the Severn Fishery Board.



THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN.



STREET SCENE IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.



ICE-STALL IN THE MARKET, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

SKETCHES IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in his mission "Across Two Oceans," to sketch the various places and people of the West Indies, Central America, California, British Columbia, Australia, voyaging and travelling westward from the Atlantic to the far shores of the Pacific, has already supplied views of the British sugar-growing colony on the South American coast. At Georgetown, the city described in his last letter, he was struck by the queer costume and the amusing habits and manners of the negro folk, whose numbers predominate in the streets and in the market-place, contrasted, however, by the figures of European residents, in plain and easy attire, with a small proportion of Hindoo coolies imported for plantation labour, and perhaps with a few Chinese. It is a curious mixture of races from distant regions of the globe; but Demerara is a country favoured with such productiveness of soil and climate that, so long as its prosperity is guarded by prudent British administration, it will continue to gather a mingled population, the aborigines being almost imperceptible, and confined to small remnants of obscure tribes in remote districts. The number of East Indians and Chinese is stated to be about 60,000, while the negroes and mulattos, or others partly of African race, must be at least 200,000, all speaking a kind of English. A few Portuguese, Dutch, and other foreigners, reside at Georgetown, or visit it for purposes of trade; but its chief direct communications are with the thoroughly British colony of Barbadoes. The city has a population of nearly 50,000; the only other town in British Guiana that is worthy of notice is New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the Berbice river.

BURNING OF A THEATRE AT OPORTO.

A terrible disaster, similar to those at Vienna, at Paris, and at Exeter, by which so many human lives were destroyed, took place on March 21 in the second city of Portugal. The Baquet Theatre at Oporto was completely destroyed by fire, caused by a gas accident which occurred during the last act of the piece that was being performed. There was a very full house at the time. The greatest loss of life occurred in the third tier of boxes and in the galleries, where whole families were stifled or burnt to death. There was a terrible struggle for life at the doors; a large number were trampled to death. Some who succeeded in reaching the street were severely injured and vomited blood. Many who could not gain the doors jumped into the street from the windows of the building. Some dead bodies were found on the stage and in the boxes. Several gangs of workmen employed by the Oporto Municipality were long engaged in clearing away and exploring the ruins of the theatre. Many bodies were discovered, all in a charred condition, and were exposed for identification at the cemetery, the number recognised amounting to sixty-six. Besides these, there were fifty-three heaps of unrecognisable human remains.

MARRIAGE.

On April 3, at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, by the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar, Walter Raleigh Gilbert, of The Mount, Macclesfield, only son of Colonel Gilbert, C.B., The Priory, Bodmin, to Rachel Mary, youngest daughter of General Richard Shubrick, H.M. Indian Army, of 7, Cornwall Mansions, S.W., and grand-daughter of the late Major-General Sir W. R. Gilbert, Bart., G.C.B.
The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

ART MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art for April contains a good deal that is of exceptional interest to artists and art lovers. Mr. David Thomson waxes enthusiastic on the subject of that most celebrated member of the group of painters of the school of Barbizon, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot; and students of landscape painting will eagerly devour the few hints of his method given by Corot to a pupil. Mr. Frith, R.A., contributes a paper entitled "Crises in Art," dealing with Pre-Raphaelitism and Impressionism: two bogies between whom, as may be imagined, Mr. Frith finds it difficult to preserve his equanimity. Then follows Mr. Mortimer Menpes's view of Japanese art, the outcome of his recent visit to Japan, and illustrated by reproductions from dry-point etchings by that artist, whose admiration for the art of Japan seems in no way diminished by his closer acquaintance with it. Mr. John Forbes-Robertson's account of the Art Gallery of Manchester, with engravings of several of its treasures, points to the whereabouts of many celebrated pictures.

The foreign artist and author who have been relating their experiences during their travels in England, from month to month in the Art Journal, have this month reached Oxford, and their Impressions in pen and pencil of that city are both amusing and interesting. Continued from last month is a paper on Japan and its art wares, and apparently the art of that country is monopolising a great deal of attention at the present time. Mr. Graham R. Tomson's charming verses, "A Portrait," add a particular attraction to this month's journal; and lovers of Egyptian art and archaeology will read with interest Mr. Henry Wallis's account of the Boulaq Museum.

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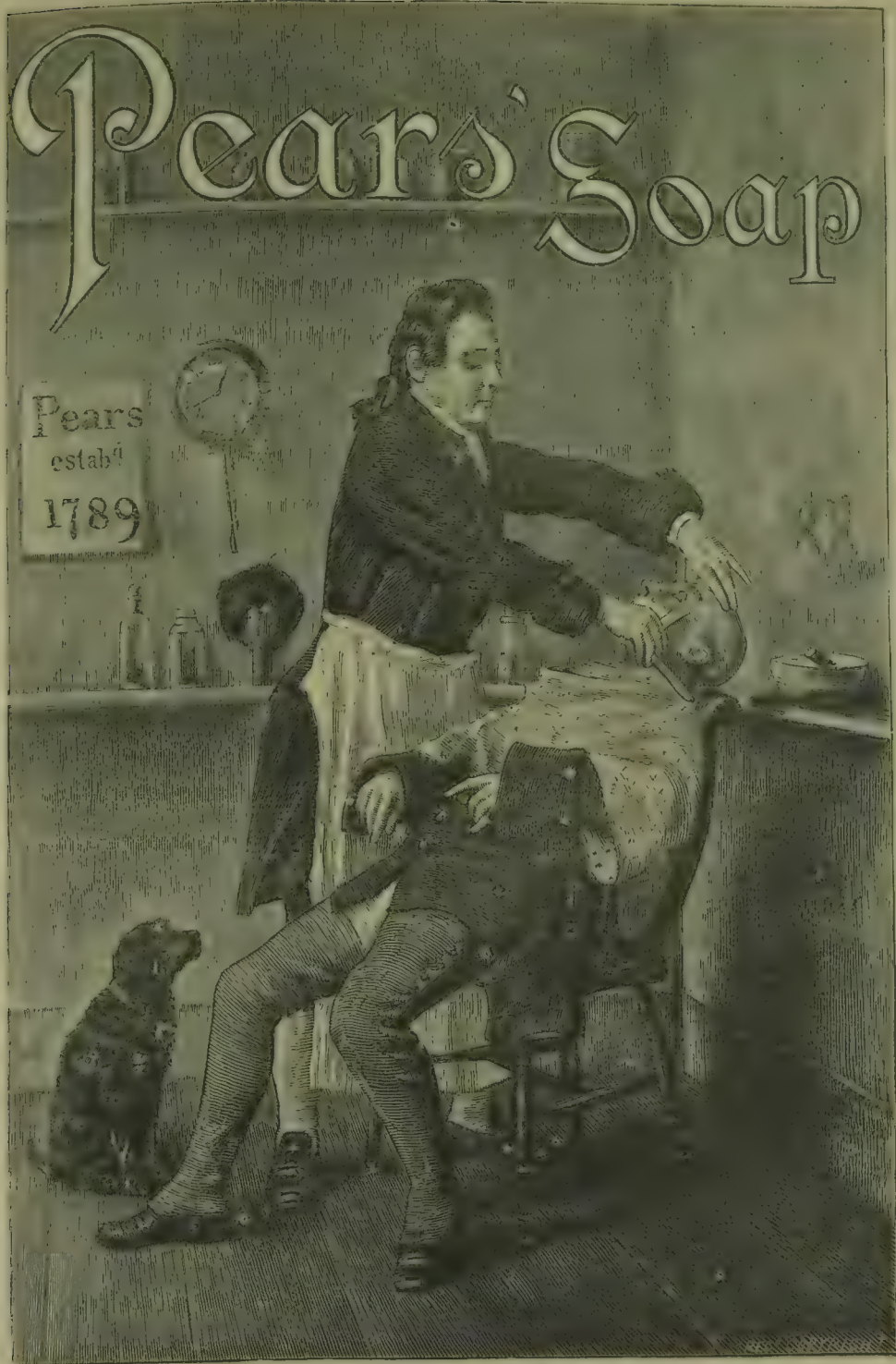
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APRIL 7, 1888.

old-fashioned bridge, of weather-tinted red brick—a pleasant colour among all these greens. And then we would find ourselves between steep and high banks, all hanging with leaves and tendrils and Spring blossom—here and there a golden blaze of furze or broom, more rarely a cream-white mass of the sweet-smelling hawthorn. Of course we were all ashore now—sometimes overtaking the boat, sometimes allowing it to glide far ahead of us—the only living and moving thing in the solitary world. This part of the country is rich in song-birds. All the air was filled with their singing; near and far, from bush and copse and hawthorn bough, and from the far white spaces of the sky, poured an inexhaustible stream of melody, a universal rejoicing after the rain. And Miss Peggy was singing, too, at times, in a careless fashion, when you happened to cease chatting to her, or when she stooped to gather speedwells from the warm and sunny banks. “O, it’s I was a walking one morning in May”—this was what she was at; and probably she was not in the least conscious that she was in a measure imitating Jack Duncombe, any more than she was aware that those speedwells she was gathering were not anything near so blue and translucent as her eyes.

“Well,” she said, at last, when she had gathered her little nosegay, and was free to walk on without more ado; “it was very nice of them.”

“Nice of whom?”

“Why, the people who cut this winding lane through all this beautiful country, and then filled it with water so that you could float along it, and then left it for us. It was very kind of them, and very lucky for us that we can have it all to ourselves.”

“Wait till you get on to the Birmingham and Worcester—you’ll have some company then.”

“Rough company? No, I don’t think so. All those I have seen have been very civil.”

“It doesn’t much matter. I have told you before, if there’s any bad language, you won’t understand a word of it—it will be in the dark dialect of Brummagem.”

“Talking about bad language,” Miss Peggy says, in her off-hand way, “do you know why it’s useless to try to block up the river Niagara?”

“Oh, go away with your preposterous conundrums!”

“But, really, can’t you guess?” she says, with innocent eyes. “And why should you despise conundrums? Is it because you’re not very clever at finding them out?”

“Well, there’s something in that. As you grow a little older, young lady, and gather experience of the world’s ways, you’ll find that the great majority of people comfort themselves by despising everything of which they are ignorant and everything they can’t do. It’s a wholesome rule of life; it makes for content. Suppose you can’t hit a haystack at thirty yards and can’t throw a fly, your best plan is to call field-sports brutalising, and a survival of the instincts of the savage. Suppose, on the other hand, you can shoot and fish and ride to hounds and all the rest of it, and yet you can’t make anything out of Carpaccio, then you may safely call lovers of the fine arts aesthetes, prigs, and effeminate creatures generally. If you can’t drink wine, elevate your abstinence into a religion, and look upon yourself as a marvel of virtue; if you can’t get on without wine, you may hint that teetotallers, if all were known, might be found to be no better than they should be. If you are a scientific person”—

“I’m not,” says Peggy.

“Don’t interrupt. If you are a scientific person, you can make light of the practical value of the Greek and Latin literatures; if you are learned in the humanities, you may call science a mere blind empiricism—the workings of a mole in the dark. If you’re a plain woman, you can’t be expected to approve of wax dolls; if you’re a pretty woman, you may suggest that the plain women would prefer to be a little more like wax dolls if they could. It is a pleasing habit—and widespread; it tends to the general comfort and content.”

“And that is why you don’t like conundrums?” continues Miss Peggy (who does not seem so much impressed by this sermon as she might be). “Because you can’t find them out? Well, I wouldn’t confess, if I were you. I would rather try a little. Come, now, I’ll make it easy for you. I’ll give you a friendly lead. Why is it you needn’t try to block up the Niagara river—put a hindrance across it, don’t you see?—something to stop it?”

“Oh, get away with your nonsense!”

“But don’t you see the answer?—think a moment! It’s as plain as anything! Must I tell you, then? The reason you needn’t try to block up the river Niagara?—well, because dam it you can’t!”

One contemplates this person. She is young; and fair to look upon. There is even an appearance of maiden guilelessness on the smooth white forehead and in the shining eyes. But

how so seemingly an exterior can enclose a mental and moral nature so lost to all sense of shame is a problem too distressing to face. One walks on in silence.

“Of course,” she remarks proudly, “if you choose to put wicked meanings into what I say, I can’t help it.”

“Live and learn,” one answers her. “It is always pleasant to watch the new development of manners—the conduct of the coming generation. And I wonder what Colonel Cameron will think!”

In an instant her attitude is entirely changed.

“Ah, you wouldn’t be so mean!”

“Don’t you think he would be interested?” one asks of her impartially. “A kind of small revelation in its way?”

“No,” she says—and her earnestness of entreaty is not wholly a pretence—“you’re capable of a good lot, but not of that. You couldn’t be so mean! Tales told out of school! Well, look here, if you will promise not to repeat that to Colonel Cameron, I will promise never to ask you another conundrum as long as I live. And I’ve got some very good ones,” she adds demurely.

“Where did you get them? From some funny young man in Brooklyn?”

“No, it wasn’t—it was from a girl.”

“What kind of a girl?”

“I won’t tell you her name; you would recognise it. She made nearly all of them herself.”

“And all of the same character?”

“Most of them. Well,” continues Miss Peggy, with returning confidence, “there’s really no harm in them, except what you choose to put there. Not a bit of harm. Say, are you going to write a book about this trip?”

“It is possible.”

“If you do, will you tell those things about me?”

“I daren’t tell all I know about you—certainly not.”

“Ah, but that’s just what I want!” she says. “If you told everything, I should have nothing to fear. If you told everything, then the reader would recognise before him the picture of an absolutely perfect human being. That’s me. I have always been like that; and you know it; for I have told you before. But I dare say you will go and distort things, and make me out a villain if you can, whereas you know better, if you would only be honest.”

She had got a bit of thread, and as she walked along she was tying the speedwells together.

“I wonder, now, if you can guess why Robinson Crusoe was startled when he saw the footprint in the sand?”

“I thought you made a promise a little while ago,” one says to her.

“Oh, that’s all very well,” rejoins this impenitent creature. “Why, you are just dying to hear some more of them. But you shan’t. I won’t tell you another one. And then, of course, if you do say a word to Colonel Cameron—but no, you couldn’t be so mean as that, even if you tried.”

Then she adds irrelevantly—

“I say, are you going to let me stay outside and see what’s going on, while we are in those tunnels?”

“If you are good; and if you put on a waterproof.”

“Well, shouldn’t we get into the boat again, and have everything ready? Besides, I have a letter to write that I want to have posted at King’s Norton.”

It was not, however, until a long time after that—and after some miles of pleasant sailing through a richly-cultivated and cheerful-looking country—that we drew near to the first of the tunnels. This was found to be a sufficiently simple affair; moreover, we had the whole passage to ourselves; for we were still on the Birmingham and Stratford Canal, where we had encountered but little traffic. And yet it was with a strange and eerie feeling that we left the warm white air and shot under this low archway into a cold and clammy darkness that was pierced far away ahead by a needle-point of light. Our method of propelling the boat is technically known on the canals as “legging”; that is to say, Captain Columbus and Murdoch lay on their backs on the roof of the saloon, and shoved with their feet against the dripping brickwork encircling us. We made no great speed; in fact, there was so little way on the boat that steering was next to impossible; on the other hand, there was an abundance of bumping from side to side, though our Colonel did his best, with one of the poles, to mitigate these concussions. And thus we crept along.

“Why, it’s nothing at all!” said Miss Peggy—her voice echoing strangely in this hollow-sounding vault. “Where is the danger?”

She was answered by the boat again swinging against the side of the tunnel in a fashion that would probably have tipped her into the water had she not been clinging on to the iron rod; but she still maintained there was nothing to be afraid of; and also that the mysterious light somehow reminded her of Venice.

But all this while the white pin-point far ahead of us had been gradually growing larger and more brilliant; still larger and larger it grew, until it seemed to be a sort of circular channel leading out into a bewildering glare of greenish-yellow; one could make out more clearly now one’s environment of moist and dripping brickwork; and then, with a kind of soft glory dazzling our eyes, we slowly emerged into the warm glowing world again, to find ourselves surrounded by hanging masses of sunlit foliage.



Murdoch rose from his recumbent position on the roof, and looked back at the tunnel through which we had come.

“It’s an awful place that,” we heard him say, in awestricken tones, to Captain Columbus—doubtless he had never been in a tunnel in his life before.

“Oh! that’s nothing, lad,” said Columbus, who was now also standing erect, and shaking the grit and water from his clothes. “That’s only a baby tunnel. Wait till you come to the West Hill.”

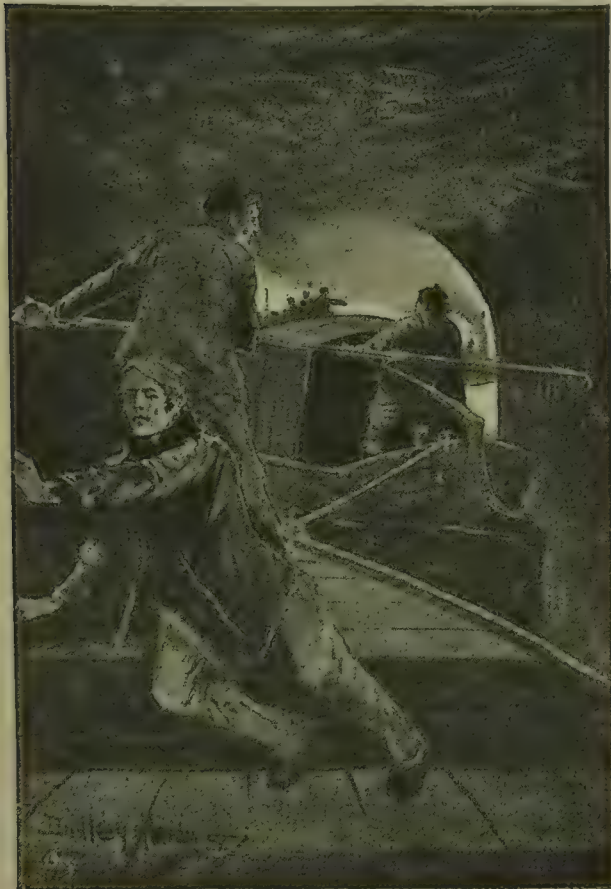
Then we went on to King’s Norton; and, having to post Miss Peggy’s letter, we strolled along and up to the village. We found it a quaint, little, out-of-the-world-looking place, with a wide green, surrounding that a number of old-fashioned brick and timber houses, and dominating all a well-proportioned church. In the post-office there were some newspapers for sale—weekly newspapers; but we had lost interest in the great and busy world we had forsaken; and these heavy compilations of paragraphs did not seem attractive. When we got leisurely back to the boat again we discovered that Captain Columbus had taken advantage of our absence to bait the horse, so that we were enabled to resume our voyage forthwith.

It was about a mile after that—and we were now on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal—that we came in sight of the entrance to West Hill Tunnel, and likewise perceived that there were a large number of barges waiting for the steam-launch to return and take them through. As yet there was no line of procession formed; and as we could discover no master of ceremonies, we took up a modest position by the bank opposite the tow-path, and awaited instructions. Our neighbours paid us little heed; as it happened, there was a contest of wits going on; and as the rival jesters were far apart, and had to bawl out their merry quips, they won loud and general laughter by their efforts. With our strictest attention, however, we could make nothing of these recondite japes. We wanted some interpreter, as in the homiletic *Gesta Romanorum*, to come in with “*Curissimi*” and an explanation. Meanwhile, at Queen Tita’s request, Murdoch had lit the candles in the saloon; but this was to be merely an experiment; for one knew not whether the light might not subsequently prove to be a distraction to the steersman responsible for the safety of these people.

“Look there!” cries Peggy. “Look at that pony! Did you ever see anything more picturesque in Italy?”

And a picturesque little animal it was—a piebald black and white; with cream-coloured ear-coverings and crimson tassels; brass ornaments on its forehead; blue and white ribbons at the side of its head; a bunch of hay hanging from its collar; a nose-tin of burnished copper suspended from its neck. Quite a gay little creature it was; and a marked feature in the slow procession of animals that now left the side of the canal to go forward and await us at the other end of the tunnel.

Then appeared a black and grimy little steam-launch; there was an interview with Columbus and a production of papers; we were furnished with a lamp to be fixed at the bow; and thereupon the burly little steamer proceeded to head the long line. How that line was formed it was hard to say; but it was clear we were to be at the tail-end of it; and, indeed, as barge after barge moved away, we had no more than time to throw a rope to the last of them and get attached. The huge black snake before us seemed to be disappearing into the bowels of the earth with a marvellous rapidity; one had to steer as straight as one could for the small and narrow arch at the base of that mighty mass of masonry; the semicircular opening seemed to close around us; and the next moment we were in darkness. This sudden plunge into the unknown was



Murdoch and Columbus at the boat.

sufficiently startling; for now there was no welcome star of light far away ahead, while the red glow in the saloon told us nothing of our whereabouts or our proper course. We only knew there was a wall around us, for we grated along this side, and then banged against that; and, altogether, the situation was unpleasant. But matters mended a little. Whether the smoke from the launch had lessened or not, one could at length make out, at a considerable distance along, two dull spots of orange, doubtless two lamps; and these at least gave some indication of our course, and some guidance for steering. The worst of it was that this light boat at the end of these heavy barges would not properly answer her helm; the "swing" they gave her was too powerful; and all that could be done was for Columbus and Murdoch at the bow, and the Colonel astern, to keep shoving with hands or feet, as occasion offered, to prevent the boat from tearing herself to pieces against the almost invisible wall. Not a word was spoken, for no one knew what might happen the next second; the only certain thing was that, whatever might befall, we were powerless to avert it. In the previous tunnel, while we were being "legged" through, if we had come to a difficulty we should have stopped to consider; now we were being dragged irresistibly along, by a force with which we had no possible communication.

"I say," at length remarks Miss Peggy, who is standing on the steering thwart, and holding on to the iron rod, "do you see those two small lights far away along there?"

"I should hope so. They're all I've got to go by."

"Well, but if you take your eyes off them for a moment, you'll see other two lights in the dark—of a curious pale purple."

"I suppose you know what complementary colours are!"

"This is a far more ghostly place than the other—I wish we were well out of it," she says.

Suddenly, into the hollow-sounding vault, there springs a shrill, high, plaintive note; and we find that one of the younger bargemen has begun to relieve the tedium of this mediterranean passage by a pathetic ballad. So silent is the tunnel—for there is only a dull throbbing far away of the engine of the steam-launch—that every word can be distinctly heard; and by guessing here and there at peculiarities of pronunciation, one can make out easily enough the main current of these stories. For it is not one, but many pieces, that this Brummagem Orpheus, descended into the depths of the earth, has in his repertory; and generally they are found to deal with the trials, and experiences, and sorrows of a young man:—

*"My father died a drunkard,
And I was left alone,
To fight the world all by myself,
With ne'er a house or home."*

Or again the high, shrill, nasal voice would tell how this hapless young man was entrapped into going to sea:—

*"The captain said as I was bound
To go for seven years."*

There was very little love-making in these ditties; indeed, in the only one that partly touched on this topic there was a most ungallant reference to the maids of merry England. It ran somewhat in this fashion:—

*It was a lass of Coventry,
As fair as fair could be;
And on a Sunday evening,
She walked along o' me;
I asked her then, she gave consent,
She was as good as gold;
How little did I ever think
That she should grow so cold!*

*"Now, Jane, fulfil your promise,
The promise you gave me,
Or I will turn a sailor,
And sail away to sea;"*

*"O Tom" she said, a-crying,
"My heart will burst in two,
For I love Jim the carpenter
As once I did love you."*

*Now all you gay young mariners
That sail upon the main,
I pray you keep yourselves abroad,
And ne'er come home again;
From port to port you'll meet with girls
That are both kind and free;
But the girls of this old England
They'll ne'er get hold o' me."*

The door of the saloon is opened, and a dark, small figure appears against the dull glow.

"Peggy," says Queen Tita (who has been at the forward window, vainly peering out into the blackness), "isn't this dreadful? I can see no sign of anything; and the boat will be smashed to bits before we get out. Can you see anything?"

"Nothing but the two small lights in the distance—two lamps, I suppose. I'm afraid we're not near the end yet."

"But the tunnel is only a mile and a half long: even with this crawling we should be through in three quarters of an hour at the most."

"I'm afraid we haven't been in the tunnel anything like that," says Miss Peggy; and she is right.

"May I come up beside you?"

"Oh, no, please don't!" the girl says at once. "I can't see where the board is, you might slip. I dare not move hand nor foot."

"I hope it will be my last experience of the kind," the other says, with some decision, and she goes back into the saloon, to stare anxiously through the window-pane.

And still our unknown friend with the high and nasal voice pours out his artless narratives, one after the other. When he ceases, there is a dead silence; no one attempts to interfere or help; perhaps this performance of his is acknowledged and has brought him fame among the bargemen of the west. Nor does he ever relapse into the comic vein. Life has been serious for these young men of whom he sings. Hard work, poor wages, tyrannical masters, and the temptations of drink in seaport towns have wrought them many woes. And yet they do not complain over much; it is the hand of fate that has been against them; they relate their experiences as a warning or as a consolation to others in similar plight. Indeed, we were highly pleased with these simple ditties—thinking, as we may have done, of the ghastly facetiousness, the cynicism, the knowingness that delight the gin-sodden London music-haller.

And so we fought our way on through this echoing and interminable cavern, striving to steer a middle passage between those walls that seemed to tear at the side of the boat as with demon claws; and ever we were looking forward for the small spot of light that would tell us of the near-coming of the outer world. It was Miss Peggy who caught sight of it first.

"There it is!—look!" she cried.

Then one could make out—apparently at a great distance away—a sort of miniature bull's-eye, of a dullish hue, that disappeared now and again behind clouds of smoke; but ever, as we glided or grated along, it was growing larger and larger; and the saffron hue that it showed was becoming more and

more strangely luminous, so that the two lamps we had been following for so long had become invisible. And now we can make out an archway filled with a confused yellow light; the black barges are sailing towards it and through it; sometimes a bronze-hued smoke obscures the opening, and again there is a golden glare; finally—but with eyes dazed with the sudden splendour of colour—we sail out into the placid beauty of this bit of Worcestershire scenery—the green wooded banks, the brown water, and the overhanging trees all warm in the light of the afternoon sky; and the candles, ineffectual and unheeded, still burning in the now forsaken saloon.

"Well," says Queen Tita, with a sigh of relief, "now that we have come safely through, I'm glad we have done it."

Miss Peggy comports herself more bravely.

"I'd do it again to-morrow!" she says.

"Then you shall," one answers her.

"What do you mean?" she says—just a little taken aback.

"To-morrow we have two more tunnels to go through."

"Oh, indeed," she says. "But perhaps they are the simpler ones, where we can push the boat through by ourselves?"

"Certainly not; we shall have to be towed through by a steamer."

"Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, maliciously, "'when I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.'"

"Come on, a hundred tunnels!" says Miss Peggy, laughing. "Do you think I am afraid of them? But I confess that it is a good deal nicer to be out here in the warm air."

That, however, was not precisely the question that was concerning the more responsible members of this travelling party. On overhauling the Nameless Barge with such carefulness as was possible, we found that apparently she had sustained no serious damage during her subterranean voyage, although she bore abundant marks of ill-usage that did not improve her appearance. On raising the stern-sheets—which was the readiest way of ascertaining what water was in her—it was discovered that there had been no unusual leakage; so that we hoped she had suffered nothing but what could be put right by a little mending and scrubbing, and a coat of paint. We were therefore free to continue our voyage in peace.

And peaceful indeed, and very beautiful, was that afternoon's sail. In this neighbourhood the canal winds along a high embankment, formed on the side of a hill; and there were wide views over the far-stretching and undulating landscape—the deep valleys near us inclosed by distant cultivated slopes, here and there crowned by a bit of wood. The evening was mellow and golden; we had allowed the barges to get away ahead of us, so that we were once more by ourselves; after the rough-and-tumble work of the day, we were glad to resume our quiet gliding through the silent and shining country. When it became a question of halting for the night, it mattered little to us where we moored; we were once more quite alone. Captain Columbus hinted that there was a small place not far off, called Alvechurch, where he could get stabling and also accommodation for himself and the Horse-Marine; and so we assented; and chose out a part of the bank where there were some bushes; and soon the Nameless Barge was again at rest.

After dinner that evening Mrs. Threepenny-bit must needs have Peggy bring out her banjo, which had remained in its case since our leaving Stratford-on-Avon. Miss Peggy seemed a little loth. When Colonel Cameron joined in the request, that did not improve matters much—rather the contrary, as it appeared to us. And yet she was persuaded in the end; and she went and got the banjo; and then, with a timidity we had never seen her exhibit (this was not like our Peggy at all!), she began and sang the old familiar and simple "Mary Blane"; and very well she sang it, too—notwithstanding her shyness—with her rich contralto voice. Colonel Cameron seemed a little surprised. He had not heard our Peggy sing before. And certainly there was something in the quality of her singing a little finer than the shrill and nasal tones that had rung along the hollow-sounding underworld through which we had passed; though even now that experience seemed so recent that we could almost hear the long and plaintive drawl—

*"Now all you gay young mariners
That sail upon the main,
I pray you keep yourselves abroad
And ne'er come home again;
From port to port you'll meet with girls
That are both kind and free;
But the girls of this old England
They'll ne'er get hold o' me."*

That was interesting in its way; and indeed we were grateful to the unknown young Orpheus for enlivening our black voyage; but we preferred to be among the silences once more; entirely by ourselves in this floating little home; with the cheerful lamps lit, and cigars and things; and with Peggy—her voice deep-throated as a nightingale's—to lend another charm to the last lingering half-hours together, ere we parted for the night.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

A denial is now given at St. Petersburg to the reports of a recent large concentration of Russian troops on the frontiers of the Austrian province of Galicia. The sketches made by our own correspondents on the banks of the Vistula have shown that the attitude of the Russian outpost forces this winter was actually threatening; and our Illustration of the arrival of some Austrian reinforcements in the neighbourhood of Cracow proves that defensive preparations have been considered needful. Europe may yet be spared another great war, if the Czar Alexander III. be willing to listen to the counsels of prudence; but a little attention to geography, and especially to the situation of Prussia, must convince anybody that the German Empire will never tolerate a Russian attack on the northern frontier of Austria-Hungary. Poland, extending westward of Warsaw to within two hundred miles of Berlin, affords a grand "place d'armes" from which Central Europe can at any time be menaced; but the military power of Russia in that direction is restrained, as Colonel Maurice explains in his recently published book, mainly by the alliance of Germany and Austria, possessing as they do, respectively on the north and on the south side of Poland, long eastward stretches of territory, which are not only defensible by nature and strongly fortified, but from which combined hostile action would strike at Warsaw. The Austrian Government has been making efforts, in spite of financial difficulties, to complete the fortifications of Cracow and of Przemyśl—a place whose strange name would soon become familiar to us in case of war—and Lemberg, a town of great commercial and political importance, on the highway of trade from the Black Sea to the Baltic, would assuredly be defended in the interests of North Germany. The Austro-Hungarian army, numbering before the additions recently voted 1,380,000 infantry and 88,000 excellent cavalry, with artillery which has also been increased, should be able to hold Galicia and to do something more. It is, further, not improbable that Roumania and Servia would render assistance, at least by securing the eastern frontiers of the Empire against Russian attack.

THE LAWS THAT BE.

One of the chief "signs of the times" just now is that everybody reads them. This may be partly, perhaps, because we are all becoming so clever; but everyone is anxious to know what the morrow will bring forth, and watches the sky to know whether it will be fine or stormy.

And the last year has had a remarkable sign of its own: that the laws themselves are on their trial. Until very lately indeed we all assumed, not that our laws were perfect, but that if their imperfections were but pointed out they would in due time correct themselves, legally and in order; with not too much agitation, but just agitation enough. And we pointed to the Corn Laws, as convincing proof of this.

But now this view is attacked daily—and more especially nightly. It is said that it applies only to evils felt and admitted by the great middle-class; and that the wrongs of the greater lower-class are by no means so trumpet-tongued in their power of obtaining attention, and shattering the fortified walls of legal wrong. (Though now that this greatest class is master of the polling-booth, it can surely have its own way; it has but to unite—and, if one might delicately hint it, to find leaders.)

Now, of these two opposing views there can be no doubt which is the pleasanter, and the better, if it be but workable. To put the bad laws right by law is much more satisfactory than to protest against them by breaking them, and so weakening the good ones. There was lately raised a very serious question, as to the right of meeting in Trafalgar-square; and it certainly does seem to unprejudiced lookers-on—of whom, unfortunately, there are but two in the kingdom (you, dear reader, and myself)—it does seem that it would have been better to make a formal entry into the Square, by way of a test case, than to invite a breach of the peace by the assembly of a mob—even the most gentle, and nicely-disposed, and high-hatted of mobs. There would surely have been some way of carrying the case before a high legal tribunal, and there arguing it fully, without complicating it by the contradictions of excited witnesses or the improvisation of legal arguments—such as the curiously unhappy one (since, very wisely, not insisted upon), that the Square was the Queen's property, and her subjects only allowed there on sufferance.

Of course, there are many cases in which neither the obtaining an alteration of the law by lawful means, nor the breaking it "with intent to reform," is needful; the growth of a higher standard of morals does the work informally and thoroughly. The ancient traffic in church preferments was greatly checked in this way; and in our "limited" monarchy the limitations have for the most part grown up almost imperceptibly.

When, however, the law really becomes a dead letter—when it is constantly broken, successfully resisted—the serious question no doubt arises, whether such a state of things should not be mended or ended? Take the ever-troublesome vaccination question: the great town of Leicester has simply said that (on this point) it would not obey the law—and the law has "caved in." An immense proportion of the baby inhabitants of Leicester are unvaccinated, and unvaccinated they are going to remain. So that, on this question (though, as we must all admit, on no other) there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Any man who can afford to send his child to Leicester can practically secure it from vaccination, if he reads the gentle medicine of the cow.

Surely this will never do. The immense majority of educated people believe that the protection of vaccination is so great as completely to outweigh its drawbacks. Have they a right to force people who do not believe in it to protect themselves? Because, if they have, they should do it.

But we, the vaccinated, are safe, or vaccination is not a sufficient boon to be forced on unbelievers—as for whom I should feel much inclined to let them take the results of their unbelief. When everyone who chooses can protect himself, it certainly does seem hard to make a poor man pay fine after fine—one working-man has already paid £45!—for refusing to submit his children to what he believes a very dangerous operation, especially when his mate, who has got a berth at Leicester, goes scot-free.

No; if the law be necessary for the country's health, enforce it, and leave no cities of refuge for smallpox in our midst. If, however, the vaccinated are reasonably safe, let the rest look to themselves—taking care to make it more easy to be vaccinated than not; as by providing that a license to be unvaccinated be only obtainable by appearance before a magistrate and formal declaration of a disbelief in lymph.

N.B.—That in this case, as in all others where the law is attacked, it would be an excellent thing if its convinced defenders were as alert and energetic as its attackers—and, above all, if they did not rely too much on an appeal to the judgment of experts. Not only in medical questions, in all kinds of matters it is constantly argued that it is of no use to argue for the general public—they are not trained to follow your reasoning, they have often no smattering even of the elementary knowledge which is needed to understand the question; "let alone" deciding upon it.

In many cases this is doubtless true; but, in all, they have to decide. In the end, they are the judges, and all-powerful. "We must educate our masters," said the politician; and it was an excellent saying. Educate them, and they will doubtless learn their ignorance, in time; it is one of the chief things one does learn—though I have met many men of Oxford and Cambridge, with many letters after their names, who still thought themselves wise.

Meanwhile, these masters have to be obeyed; and it is for you to prove to them that your contention is right. Nay, even if you can persuade them that they should submit to the learned, to authority, how can you be certain that the wretches will not ask—for this is an age of questions—"Who has authority? Who is to decide when doctors disagree—as doctors, of law, of medicine, 'und, leider! auch Theologie,' always do disagree? What college, or academy, or school, is to be considered infallible—is not, indeed, pretty sure fiercely to condemn as heresy that which its successors will fiercely uphold as orthodoxy?"

Think, gentle Doctor of Divinity, do not you yourself, in your inmost heart (nay, even sometimes to an admiring female cousin, on a spring visit to Burlington House) venture to question the decisions of the Forts, the Royal Academy of Arts, itself? Was not the face of the sweet sister academy, of gentle Music, set as a stone against all who assailed it with the heresies of Wagner—though that was a long, long while ago, perhaps twenty years—and now might not the scoffers ask whether a musician of the new school had not been advanced to the place of honour in Tenterden-street? (Though nobody does ask it, because everybody took it perfectly for granted.)

Nay, if it be a question of what has been called *le plus beau, le plus rare, le plus difficile des arts*—the art of Acting—has there yet been found a youth so diffident, so raw, so conscious of his want of knowledge, that he has not the boldness to criticise, to teach, to lay down his own particular law to the leader of the modern English school, Mr. Irving? If there be, I should like to meet him; for as yet I have not seen his face.

E. R.



THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: ARRIVAL OF AUSTRIAN REINFORCEMENTS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER, NEAR CRACOW.

NOVELS.

Lady Stella and Her Lover. By Henry Solly, author of "Charles Dayrell." Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—The Rev. Henry Solly is known to many as an active promoter of schemes of benevolence, and as the writer of several dramatic poems and stories in prose, more than one of which has merited approval for its earnest moral purpose. In a tale which appeared not very long ago, called "Charles Dayrell; or, the Worship of Joy," he developed a rather paradoxical theory of the ethical significance of the Greek festival of Dionysus or Bacchus, regarding those classical high jinks as a manifestation of pure and holy triumph in the blameless possession of a free, healthy, and innocently sportive life. We fear that Mr. Solly, though he is an excellent Christian preacher of the present age, would have been torn to pieces, like Orpheus, by the Thracian Bacchanals, if he had ventured among those ecstatic Maenads to expound such a mild idea of the proper intention of their frantic orgies; and if it had been published in the city of Athens, he would have supplied, along with Socrates, who was a less adventurous moralist, the object of derisive wit in wicked Aristophanic burlesque. Charles Dayrell, however, the enthusiastic Oxford student, who about the year 1820 propounded to his University friends this sublimated version of the Gospel of Bacchus, and undertook to harmonise it with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, went through stirring personal experiences in later manhood, being a companion of Byron and other English Philhellenes in the Greek Revolution, and in more recent times associating himself with Italian and Hungarian patriots in their struggles for political liberty. His grandson, Wilfrid Dayrell, of Aldclyffe Priory, being a young gentleman of the period between 1870 and 1880, would be the hero of this romance, if his character were truly heroic, but is at any rate "the lover" of Lady Stella Faulconhurst. She, for her part, is an Earl's daughter, an heiress, a beauty, a pert sarcastic talker in society, and a professed disciple of scientific Agnosticism—on the whole, we should say, in spite of her beauty and the silver or diamond star on her forehead, a disagreeable young woman. The business of the story, wherever the contents of these three volumes are the incidents of a novel, instead of a course of sermons and religious lectures, is to bring the minds of these two persons together. As both are young, and neither is wise, it long seems a difficult problem, especially because it involves the condition that Wilfrid shall be able to convert Lady Stella to the Christian faith as he holds it, which is after the pattern inherited from his romantic grandfather, combined with a belief in holy Dionysiac exultation, and in the spirituality of Lord Byron's poetic and prophetic mission. Wilfrid being laid on the sofa for some months, by injuries from a fall in the hunting-field, the ladies have very long talks with him, and he reads to them very long manuscript essays, critical, meditative, or devotional, which have only a temporary effect on Lady Stella. The arguments in support of his esoteric creed, so far as it adds to simple Christianity those special articles, which would ally with its promises the overflowing enjoyment of physical vigour, and the intellectual delights of æsthetic imagination, might fail to convince a less obdurate hearer. This young lady, indeed, after listening to Wilfrid's eloquence and accepting him as her lover, goes to Bournemouth with her stepfather, Sir Michael Ronhead, and begins to flirt with a brilliant professor of science, who almost persuades her not to be a Christian after all. But she is such a vain, inconstant, self-opinionated, and insincere person, as it

seems to us, that the vacillations of her judgment do not appear of much consequence, whatever concern may be felt by readers of an evangelical turn in the state of her soul. In the meantime, Wilfrid Dayrell, who has a diversity of talents and accomplishments, having painted a picture for the Royal Academy illustrative of his love for Stella, proceeds to write a volume of poetry and a volume of prose, which obtain publishers by the contrivance of his friends, but are shamefully ill-treated or neglected by the newspaper critics. That class of notorious malefactors, and with them, to our greater surprise, the managers of large circulating libraries, come in for a severe exposure of their perfidious treachery to the claims of new authors. Let us all pray for grace to amend our ways: Mr. Solly, at least, will not accuse us of not having read his last novel. The task is somewhat rewarded, in the latter part of the second volume, by his suddenly beginning a narrative of adventures in the South Sea Islands, which is told very well indeed; and, though we have read many similar stories, from "Robinson Crusoe" to the last of Mr. William Clark Russell's, we are never tired of the repetition. It is needful to explain, what no reader could have anticipated, that Wilfrid Dayrell, after trying his hand in vain at painting, poetry, essay-writing, romance-writing, and serious conversations with the scornful Agnostic fair one, perceives it finally to be his bounden duty to go as a missionary to the Pacific Ocean. For an English country squire, a landowner with tenants and labourers, the only son of a widowed mother, having also a sister, and entertaining decided views of social reform in England, and of beneficent plans for the welfare of the London poor, one would think his duties might be found nearer home. But this Dayrell is a vain and dreamy enthusiast, whose mortified egotism is the chief motive of his actions. He sails in the Southern Queen, a first-class clipper of 1500 tons, bound for Auckland, and further, going to Samoa or Tongatabu. The captain being a drunken tyrant, a mutiny breaks out; Wilfrid, who had been put in irons for interfering to check the captain's cruelty, is nevertheless distrusted by the crew, when they have killed the captain, and is set adrift in a boat, which carries him to an uninhabited and unknown island. This situation, the scenery of the isle, and his lonely life there, are described with vivid fancy and with a freshness of effect that is remarkable after so many narratives that have been invented, besides a few real histories, of the same kind. The record of Wilfrid's solitary thoughts, much occupied with religion, is also touching and impressive. There is some ingenuity in the fiction of his being obliged to take charge of the deserted small children of a savage tribe from a neighbouring island; but five boys at once, all born blind and deaf and dumb, like Laura Bridgman, are rather a large order. He might well be puzzled how to manage their education, in doing which he professes to have learnt more of his own human dependence on the Supreme Being. These passages of the story, nevertheless, appear to us by far the best; and we are sorry that the remainder, which deals with efforts made by his English friends to find Wilfrid Dayrell and to deliver him, is of very second-rate quality, and of second-hand conception. It is, in fact, a replica of the expedition of "The Golden Hope," a tale not long since published, with the difference that it is the lady who charts a steam-yacht to go in search of her lover. Lady Stella, repenting her Agnosticism and remorsefully renewing her affection for Wilfrid, first obtains a note of the precise latitude and longitude where he was left; but how does she get it? Nothing in fiction was ever more absurd than her supposed intrigue, under a false name and disguise, with the

low ruffian sailor, Bob Tarling, who has the ship's log, and her shooting him in the slums of Shadwell to protect herself from outrage. It is obvious that there would be other methods and agents more likely to procure the information wanted; and the degrading incident of her undergoing a criminal trial, with counsel and witnesses practising a certain degree of falsehood concerning her identity, might have been spared. The author cannot know much of the mercantile marine service, or he would be aware that the first mate of a vessel like the Southern Queen is always a man of good education, and usually a gentleman in manners, not at all resembling the stupid tipsy blackguard called Bob Tarling. In many other particulars. Mr. Solly has drawn upon his own fancy, but sometimes on the fancies of different romance-writers, poets, and literary or oratorical declaimers, with the unfortunate result of drawing pictures utterly different from the realities they are meant to describe. The notion that the South Sea Islands could be an eligible field of emigration for the labouring people of Great Britain is one of the wildest fallacies. We regret that any book, even a novel of such incongruous composition, in the didactic parts of which there is much noble sentiment and sound Christian teaching, should have so large an admixture of practical un wisdom, and should present so distorted a view of the affairs of modern social life.

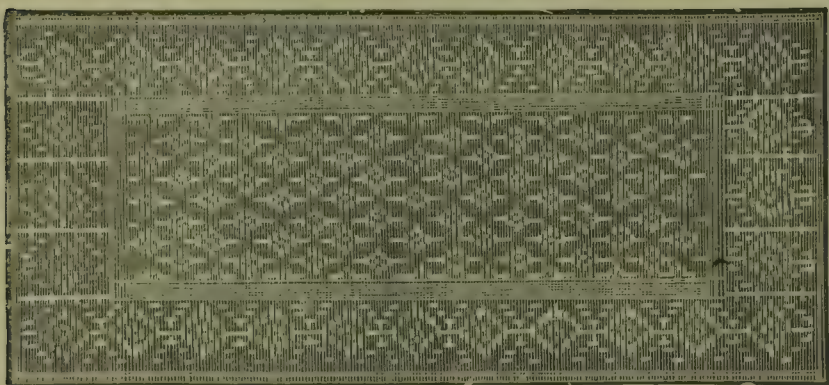
The new embankment extending for half a mile from Putney Bridge in the direction of Barnes has been formally declared open by Mr. G. P. Meaden, chairman of the Wandsworth Board of Works.

Princess Christian gave her last winter dinner to the poor children of the town, in the Windsor Guildhall, on March 27, when nearly 200 boys and girls were entertained with soup, bread, and jam-pudding. Her Royal Highness was assisted by the Mayor and Vicar of Windsor, Mr. Alderman Lundy, the Rev. R. Tahourdin, Lady Simpson, Mrs. Tahourdin, and other ladies. Upwards of 4500 children and 643 men have been provided with dinners since Christmas. Coals and blankets have also been distributed from the Princess's fund.

The anniversary festival dinner of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, which is situated at Reedham, near Caterham Junction, was held on March 27 at the Cannon-street Hotel—Mr. H. C. Bonsor, M.P., presiding. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Asylum," was proposed by the chairman, who strongly urged the claims of the institution to popular support, and gave a brief sketch of the effective work which is being done. During the evening, subscriptions to the amount of £2000 were announced, of which £104 were new annual subscriptions.

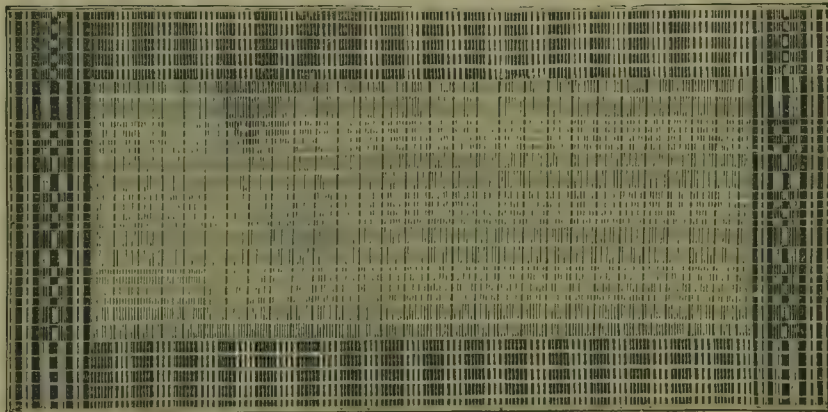
The Queen has intimated her consent to patronise the Royal Naval and Military Bazaar, which has for its object the establishment and maintenance of soldiers' and sailors' homes in various naval and military stations at home and abroad. It will be held for three days in May (the precise date will shortly be announced) in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The beneficent object of the executive committee has the support also of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, and of the Commander-in-Chief, as well as of the Secretary of State for War, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Dukes of St. Albans, Portland, and Abercorn, Lord Wolseley, the Deans of Canterbury, Westminster, and Llandaff, most of the Agents-General for the Colonies, and a long list of other dignitaries.

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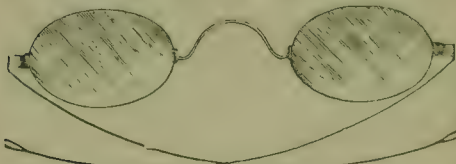


NUN NICER

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction, with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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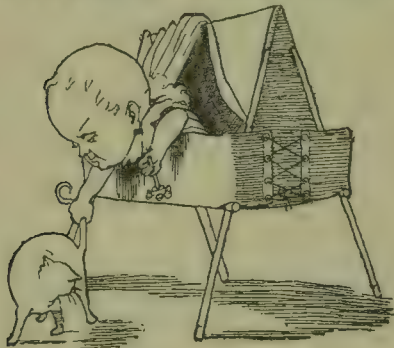


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Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head,
And the violet crept from its bed;
The jessamine, sweetbriar, lavender, too,
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"Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand,
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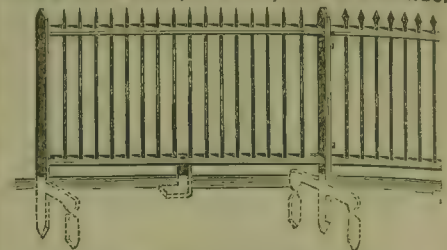
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RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF ELECTRICITY AS AN INDUSTRIAL ART.

BY SCHUYLER S. WHEELER.

A NEW science and a new art have sprung up within the last few years with a rapidity never conceived of as possible, and not appreciated even now in the highest rush of its advance. The science born a short time ago has furnished the possibilities for the arts of applied electricity, at once so potent and so novel that the world is carried away with them. From the stage of discovery and experiment of a few years ago, electricity has already developed to the position of employing a thousand million dollars capital, and there is no force from which more wonderful results are expected for the future.

There is a prevailing idea that electricity is mysterious—almost supernatural—and that it is useless for any but the gifted, and those who can devote their entire time to it, to attempt to understand its principles. What has been the cause of this feeling? Undoubtedly it is that the arts and appliances which spring from the development of the unusual features of electricity produce such marvellous results as to appear mysterious, and so discourage investigation, although they are merely the natural results or sequences of the remarkable fundamental properties of the new force upon which they are founded. Certainly its properties are of such an extremely unusual kind as to appear almost magical, and, when utilised, to produce results strangely unlike everything previously seen. These peculiar properties, while operating in new ways, are, at the same time, capable of acting with great power, and are, therefore, of great industrial value.

We know that light travels with such enormous speed that it reaches us from the stars in a short time, but it has no power, and we cannot feel it. In technical language, it is difficult to get an effect from it. On the other hand, we can get great power from steam or compressed air, the power being really due to heat in disguise, but it cannot travel very rapidly. Can we conceive of an imponderable ray travelling with the speed of light, and carrying the power of steam? Such is electricity. Hence its usefulness for either the telegraph or the motor. Electricity is, in nature, midway between light and heat, possessing some of the qualities of each. Like both, it is supposed to be a kind of vibration or internal motion of the atoms or infinitely minute particles of which all substances are composed. Heat is known to be a disorderly motion of the atoms, and anything like hammering or rubbing which might be expected to set these particles in motion does visibly produce heat. Apparently there is some order or system about the class of vibratory motions which we call electricity, for when forced through a conductor which is too small to permit this orderly motion to be maintained, the motion becomes disorderly, and we feel it as heat. If the conductor is still smaller, so that the heat is greater and more concentrated, light is given off. By this simple transition the electric-light is produced.

One of the great advantages of electricity in all kinds of work is that by using a sufficiently large conductor it can be led quietly in any quantity, and without loss or transformation, to the place where it is to be used, and there nearly all converted into light, heat, power, or chemical action by a simple change in the material of the conductor at the place where the effect is to be brought out. For practical purposes, to produce continuous power it is necessary to use a machine in which one part of the conductor revolves, and is arranged to pass and re-pass another part of the same conductor actuated by the attractive power of the electricity upon itself; and this brings us to the most important and peculiar property of an electric current—namely, its power of exerting an attractive force upon another body of electricity apparently without any means of reaching it or bridging the space between the two, in the same way that a magnet attracts a needle or bit of iron apparently without any means of reaching it. In fact, magnetic attraction is now regarded as being the same thing as electrical attraction, magnetism in itself being simply electricity travelling round and round in a piece of iron or steel. This is an excellent example of the simplification of numerous puzzling scientific phenomena by the discovery that they are all due to the same cause. According to this theory, the things that we call magnetic substances, such as iron and steel and one or two others, are the few materials which have this property of keeping electricity in circulation internally. The difference between a charged wire and a magnet is that the latter attracts lengthwise, while the former attracts crosswise or broadside. This is always found to be the case, for a charged wire must be held crosswise to produce the same attraction as a magnet held lengthwise, and a piece of iron becomes magnetic itself when a charged wire is held crosswise near it, or, better, when wound around it. This external influence or attractive power plays a very important part in electrical machinery, and some illustrations are given to indicate how it is supposed to act in the invisible ether or

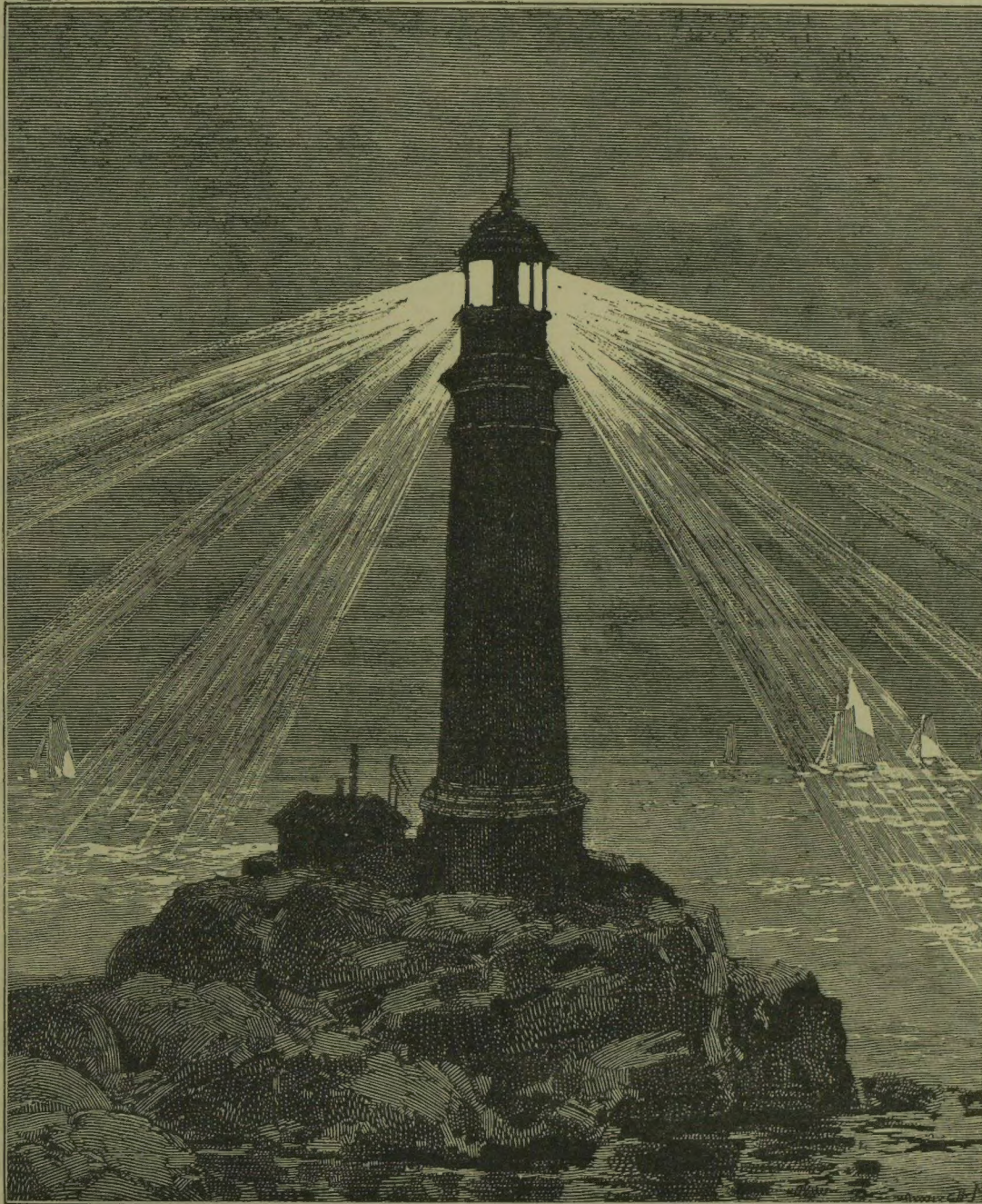
medium through which this power must be exerted. Fig. 1 represents an ordinary bar magnet, and Fig. 2 a wire through which electricity is passing. The fine lines represent the directions in which the magnetism acts, or, in familiar words, the direction in which the magnet pulls. The magnet and the wire with current both have the property of throwing out lines of attractive power into space; but while the force of the magnet is lengthwise, or tending to attract an object to it at its end, the force of the wire is sidewise and encircling it, and therefore tending to move a magnetic body around it or past it. In this respect, then, the force which a charged wire exerts is exactly at right angles to the force of a magnet. But

upon this property of a coil of wire of exerting magnetic power, and becoming neutral instantly at the will of the operator or by the automatic disconnecting or valve action of the machinery.

Let us pass now to the practical application of some of these remarkable principles. The largest electro-magnet in the world is shown in Figs. 3 and 4. It was made recently at Willet's Point, New York Harbour. Two 15-inch guns, each weighing twenty-five tons, and joined together at the breech by a pile of railroad rails, were surrounded by coils of torpedo cable, aggregating six miles of wire. When the current from an electric light generator was sent through this cable it converted the cannon into a magnet of such strength that a pull of ten tons applied by the windlass and chain was required to pull off a bundle of iron plates which had been laid against the muzzles of the guns, as shown in the engraving. Of course there was no fastening excepting the invisible lines of magnetic force depicted in the imaginary sketch, Fig. 1. A curious illustration of the tendency of a magnet to attract only in the directions in which it puts out lines of force, as shown in Fig. 1, was that a spike held inside the gun would fly out violently, and go about two feet from the gun, and then come back and stick to the muzzle on the outside. The other illustration of the immense power of this magnet is taken from a photograph showing one of the guns sustaining four 15-inch shells hanging from each other in a vertical line. Each of these shells weighed 320 lb., and had no support except the magnetism which was received through the shells above it. By holding a spike or bit of iron in the hand, the invisible lines of force traced in Fig. 1 were distinctly felt even five or six feet from the muzzles of the guns. This shows how much reality there is about these lines.

To apply this immense power to driving machinery, a wheel, having many strands of wire through which electricity is passing attached to its periphery, is caused to rotate by the attraction of the charged wires for magnets, or for other charged wires held stationary near the wheel. To make the rotation continuous, electrical valves precisely similar to the valves of a steam-engine are arranged so that the instant each wire has by its attraction revolved the wheel till it has brought itself as close as possible to the magnet, the current is disconnected from it and sent through an idle coil, which has been carried away from the magnet by the wheel's rotation. This wire then begins to attract the stationary magnet and revolve the wheel, while the other remains idle. The wires are usually wrapped evenly around a ring or round block of soft iron which serves as the wheel, and strong stationary magnets are placed on opposite sides of it. The valve, or commutator, as it is called, which charges each of the different turns of wire on the revolving wheel or armature at the right moment, is set so that it sends the electricity through each wire when it is in the position for approaching the magnets, and shuts it off when the coil has come

up to the magnet. The result is that there is constantly a number of coils near the magnets sending out lines of attractive force to the magnets, and drawing the wheel around, while those that are up to the magnets and those that are past are without force and do not resist being drawn away. Fig. 5 shows this very clearly, as well as the lines of attraction from the magnets joining those from the coils on the revolving wheel. It is from a photograph of some fine iron filings which were sprinkled upon a glass plate and held directly over a motor. The filings, held away from the magnets and wires by the glass, arrange themselves in the lines of attraction. We see the attraction lines running out from the magnets on



THE LARGEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD.

by placing a great number of charged wires side by side, so that their total width is greater than the length, we form a mass in which the attractive force acts in the direction of the apparent length, and we have a body which is, in all respects, a perfect magnet. In practice, the necessary number of wires side by side are obtained by winding a single long wire into a coil, like thread on a spool. The perfect resemblance of the magnetic effect, attraction, &c., produced by passing electricity through the wire when wound in such a coil gives an idea of why electricians conclude that magnetism is simply unrecognised electricity circulating around in the magnet. The great value of the coil magnet in practice is for obtaining motion or power by electricity. If the attempt were made to utilise the attractive power of two simple magnets after they had rushed together, they would stick, and as much power would be required to separate them as was furnished by their going together. Whereas if one plain magnet and one coil magnet with electricity are used, the moment they have rushed together they can be drawn apart without effort by first stopping the flow of the electricity in the coil, when the attraction instantly ceases. After they are drawn apart, the current may again be sent through the coil, when the action will be repeated. Soft iron has no magnetism of its own, but is capable of receiving it instantly from a surrounding coil, and losing it instantly when the current is stopped; and a bar of it is usually placed in the centre of the spool to help to gather the force and bring it to one point—the end of the soft iron bar. This arrangement is called an electro-magnet, and is used almost universally in electrical machinery. The click of the telegraph is the noise made by a small electro-magnet suddenly attracting a piece of iron when the current is sent over the telegraph line and around the coil of the magnet. All apparatus by which power or signals and motions are produced by electricity are dependent

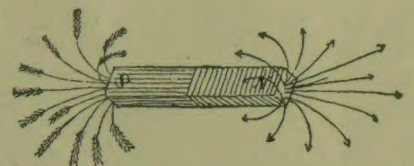


FIG. 1.—THE LINES OF ATTRACTION AROUND A MAGNET.

either side of the armature, the lines running out sideways from the wheel, and the two joining and forcing the wheel around. We are indebted for this beautiful experiment to Professor Elihu Thomson. This is the electric motor. The lightning speed at which the magnets act, together with the unlimited power which can be sent through a quiet clean wire to a motor, makes it very valuable where nothing else could be used. Fig. 6 shows a lady using a sewing-machine which is driven by a small motor with electricity generated in the

battery by her side. The motor, though small, has power to drive the machine faster than she could with the treadle, and its speed is controlled perfectly by the lever which reaches up to the table from the battery. The chemicals for the battery are put up in neat tins like a spice-box, in the right quantity for one filling, which lasts three weeks, and the operation of emptying this into the pitcher-like jars is a striking illustration of the progress made within a year in improving the formerly mussy and uncertain work of replenishing batteries. These small motors are used for all kinds of work, and for factory purposes are usually supplied with electricity from the electric light wires, thus entirely

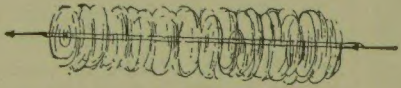


FIG. 2.—THE LINES OF ATTRACTION AROUND A CHARGED WIRE.

dispensing with the battery. As may be imagined, the designing of motors does not stop with the simple application of the revolving wheel principles explained above; but furnishes unlimited room for skill in making them in forms convenient for use, and adapted for direct connection to the various kinds of machinery. American ingenuity has undoubtedly taken the lead in making motors of all kinds. As an instance of the growth of the industry, thousands of the little motors mentioned have been turned out and put in use within the last year, of which, to the writer's knowledge, many have been furnished to England, Germany, Italy, South America, the West Indies, and China.

Our next illustration is of a locomotive in which electricity instead of steam is the power. The driving motor, which can be seen underneath between the large wheels, works upon the

that enough can be carried to propel the car and to last for a round trip. This is particularly important on horse railroads, both because the horse traction is much more expensive than the poorest kind of steam traction, and because such roads usually run in places where quiet and cleanliness are of importance. Fig. 8 is a view of a street-car arranged to be driven about thirty miles at a charge, by electricity stored under the seats in the car. This car has been in successful operation for some months on the Fourth Avenue line, New York. When it reaches the end of its trip it is run into the depot, and into a berth between two long tables. The panels in the sides of the car under the windows are then removed, as shown in the cut, and the storage batteries are slid out on to the tables. Wires from an electric light generator are then connected to them, and they are recharged, and slipped back into place under the seats, ready for the next trip. The motor by which the electricity thus stored up is converted into power for driving the car is placed under the car, and is controlled by a reversing lever in the hands of the driver on the front platform. The storage battery is often misunderstood. Its principle is not the storage of a quantity of electricity; but the storage of a quantity of prepared chemicals from which the electricity is generated, exactly as in other batteries. When the battery is run down—that is, when the chemicals are exhausted—it is recharged, as they say, by passing electricity through it, which reacts on the mixed or destroyed chemicals, restoring them to their former condition. They are then able to produce electricity again by recombining as before.

The electric motor is very much lighter and simpler than the steam-engine, and has the further advantage that it starts at full power the moment the wires are connected, subject, of course, to control by its speed-regulator when desired. There is, therefore, no delay with electric motors similar to that in getting up steam in a steam-engine. These qualities are of the utmost importance in the fire-engine service, and are made use of in the electric fire-engine, which is shown in Fig. 9. Possessing these qualities it is of great value, because, being lighter, it can be transported quickly, will not add to the smoke and confusion at the fire, and the current

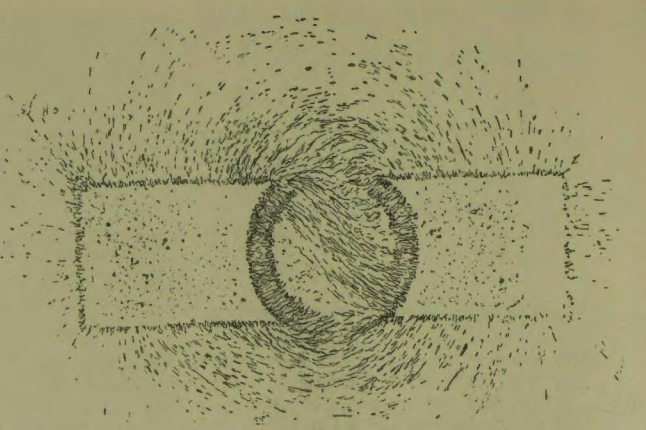


FIG. 5.—LINES OF ATTRACTION IN A MOTOR.

wires through the window-casing, and the whole machinery started and stopped by turning a switch.

With the growth of the use of magnets and electricity, much trouble has been experienced from the derangement of watches by magnetism. The lines of force (of Fig. 1) form an invisible halo of magnetising power surrounding all magnets constantly, and all wires that are charged, and as this force is invisible, effects are often produced by it when magnetisable bodies are brought within reach, without the reason being apparent. This is the cause of the fatal injury to watches by magnetisation which is becoming so frequent, even when in the possession of careful people, who, of course, do not always know when they are in the vicinity of a charged wire or magnet. When any of the moving parts of a watch are magnetised, the stationary parts attract them as they revolve. The strength of magnetisation varies with every change of temperature, &c., consequently the effect cannot be compensated for by any regulation of the watch. The only way to overcome the difficulty is to avoid steel in making the moving parts of watches. The parts that are usually made of steel are the delicate, rapidly moving balance-wheel, and the fine hair-spring under it. So great has the destruction of old-style watches by magnetism become, that a non-magnetic watch company is doing a large business manufacturing new watches without steel. The balance-wheel and hair-spring (Fig. 11) are made of palladium and iridium, two excellent spring metals which are entirely unaffected by magnetism.

All of the applications to machinery which we have so far

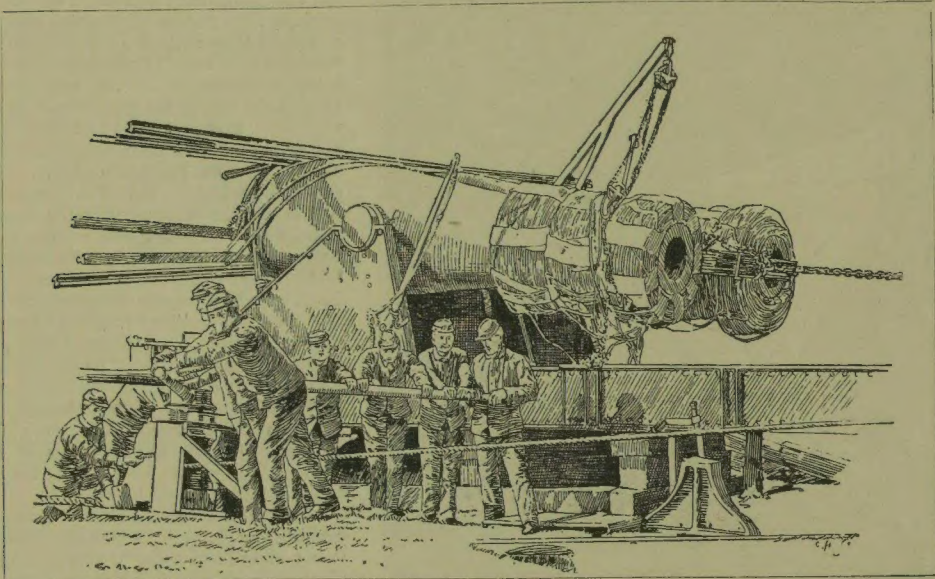


FIG. 3.—THE LARGEST MAGNET IN THE WORLD.

same principle as the small motor previously described, but has a capacity of 100-horse power. Instead of receiving its current through wires, it is connected by cables with two of the wheels of the carriage, and the current is sent along the rails of the track, up through these wheels, and into the motor. The locomotive was built for the elevated railroads in New York city, and is expected to possess considerable advantage—besides economy—over the present steam locomotives. These steam locomotives are extremely wasteful of coal on account of their small size compared with an engine large enough to run the whole road, frequent stopping and starting, and other causes, and it is thought that, by using a large economical stationary engine in some convenient place, converting its power into electricity, sending this along the tracks of the elevated road, and finally using it to propel the trains, a great saving can be effected, to say nothing of the gain in having locomotives which are noiseless and cannot drop water and hot coals. The saving in power in a large engine over an equivalent number of small ones is so great that where it is not practicable to convey the electricity to the moving cars through the rails, it is claimed to be worth while to use some means of storing electricity in the car, so

being already on the electric light wires from which it is run, the time usually spent in getting the fire in the engine started is saved. As the power is supplied from the electric light station, over the regular wires, to which suitable attaching-boxes are connected conveniently near the hydrants, a large part of the cost of the individual engines is saved. The difference between an electric fire-engine and a steam fire-engine is that, in place of the complicated steam-engine and boiler which are used to drive the pump, and which gives the apparatus its bulky appearance, the pump of the electric fire-engine is fitted with an electric motor

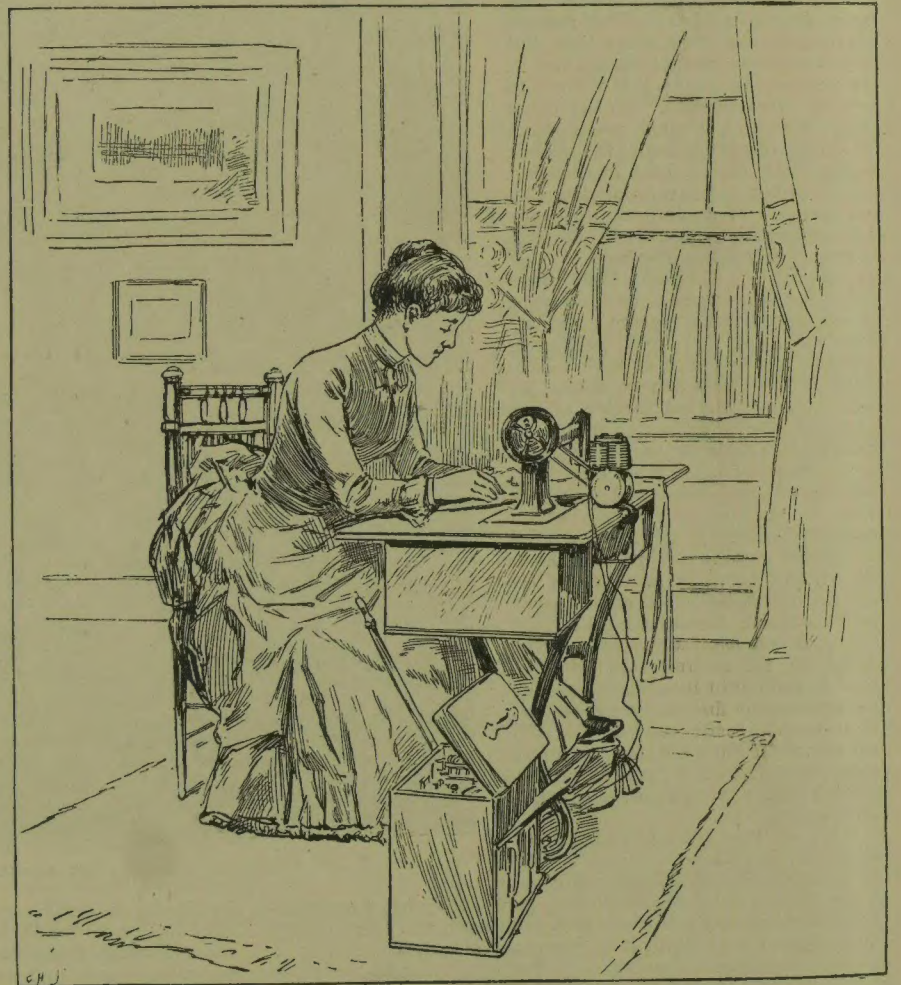


FIG. 6.—SMALL MOTOR RUNNING SEWING-MACHINE.

directly on its shaft, and very much smaller than the steam-engine; but of equal or greater power. Upon reaching a fire, the connecting wires from the electric-engine are hooked into the box on the electric light post, from which wires run up to the electric light wires above. The engine is then ready, as in the picture, for instant operation at full power. Fig. 10 is a typical commercial motor, of medium size, for all kinds of manufacturing work. This is run directly from the electric light wires, and, though small in appearance, is capable of running a fair-sized machine-shop. It is at least five times as small as an equivalent steam-engine, and requires no boiler attention or handling of coal. The power may be brought in by

reviewed depend entirely upon the property of electricity of attracting and producing magnetism. Let us now look at some of the important electrical processes, &c., which depend upon its faculty of being easily converted into heat at any desired place and in any part of its conductor. First, we have the electric light, which in itself covers a range of sizes or powers more extensive than the candle, the gas-burner, and the calcium lights combined. As said before, heat is the motion in disorder of the atoms which compose substances, while electricity is the orderly motion of the same particles. Upon slight provocation—as, for example, when forced to pass through a conductor which is so small that the order of the vibrations cannot be maintained—the electric vibrations become disturbed or broken up, and relapse into heat. This at once gives us a new feature—namely, the capability of an internal development of heat as contrasted to an external one, which means practically that all of the heat from the electricity is concentrated in the wire that we wish to make hot, and none is lost as in the usual way of making the surroundings hot enough to heat the wire. It is also a great advantage to be able to produce intense heat at a particular spot by passing a current through a wire and thinning the wire at the desired place. The higher incandescent or luminous heat is obtained by making the section of the wire still thinner, which brings it to a heat of dazzling brilliancy. This is the whole principle of the electric light in a nutshell.

There are in use to-day in the United States about two

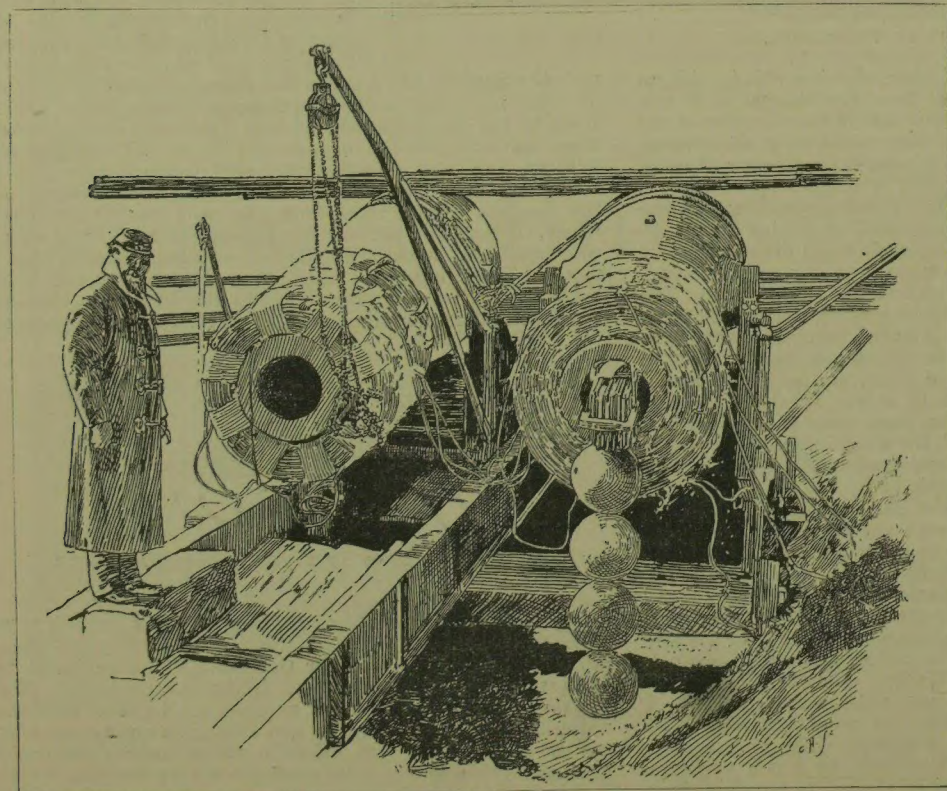


FIG. 4.—THE "JUMBO" MAGNET HOLDING FOUR 320-POUND SHELLS.

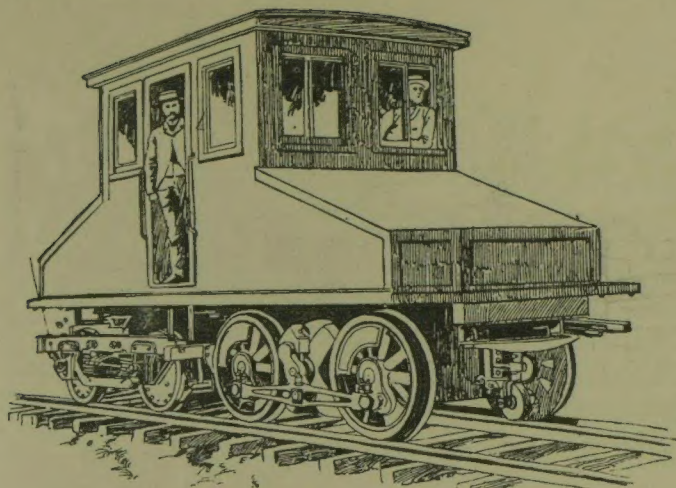


FIG. 7.—ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE FOR RAPID-TRANSIT RAILROADS.

million electric lights. These have all been made and put in operation within seven years, which is the entire length of time that has elapsed since the economy of the method was appreciated. Electric lights are of two classes, known as "arc" and "incandescent." The latter, named from the incandescent heat of the thin wire, consists of a fine wire or filament of any substance which will stand enormous heat, inclosed in a glass, so that the air can be removed to prevent its burning up at the high temperature. These lights, which are usually small, are very soft and pleasant to the eye, and are used for indoor illumination. The arc lights are produced by the current passing from the end of one rod of carbon to the end of another rod through the vapour produced by the burning of the carbon, and is named from the curved or arc-shaped path which the current takes in passing through this vapour. The passage of the current heats the particles of carbon in the vapour as well as the tips of the rods to an intense degree, and gives off a light of absolutely unapproached brilliancy. They are now used for street illumination, lighthouses, man-of-war search-lights, &c. They are being extensively adopted for the more important lighthouses all over the world. The light is easily recognised by its slight bluish tint and its brightness beyond the power of any other light. The largest one in the world is in the lighthouse at Sydney, Australasia, which equals 186,000 candles, and can be seen fifty miles. Some idea of this may be gained by comparing other lights. An ordinary gas-burner is of 16-candle power. The bright electric lights in the street are 1200 to 1500 candle power. The statue of Liberty light is 48,000-candle power. Going to the other extreme, we have very small lights of 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, and even $\frac{1}{8}$ candle power for special purposes. They have been used for house decorations, in the hair with ball costumes, in bouquets, &c., but the important uses are for illuminating for exploration places into which no burning light could be introduced. We illustrate the method recently devised by medical electricians of illuminating the interior of the stomach for examination. The patient is laid upon the operating-table, and a slender tube carrying a glass bead upon its end is introduced into the stomach. A small light inside the bead is supplied by fine wires running out through the tube and connected to a small battery. The interior of the stomach is plainly lighted, and all parts of the stomach are brought into view by a small movable mirror at the end of the tube. Such appliances, while not being of great commercial importance, are, nevertheless, very valuable. When wanted at all, they are priceless. Another application of electricity for physicians is the electro-cautery lancet or loop shown in Fig. 13, by which the principle of electric heating is applied to surgical operations. The instrument consists of a loop of fine platinum wire mounted in a rubber handle, through which connecting wires pass. These wires are led to a battery, the current from which follows the wires, and keeps the platinum loop white-hot. The heat is inside the wire, as it were, and can be regulated to any intensity, and kept there during an operation without withdrawing the instrument for re-heating.

Another important application of electric heating is the electric welding process, which is the invention of a number of men, but which has been put into practical shape by Professor Thomson. The parts to be welded are clamped in vises and pressed against each other at the point where it is intended to unite them. A current of great heating power is passed through the joint by suitable cables fastened to the vises, and the single spot where the joint is, is brought to a melting heat and cooled off again before the heat has had time to spread any distance through either piece. The scaling or defacing of the pieces by the action of the coals when buried in a blacksmith's fire is thus avoided, and the risks of a bad joint from the presence of ashes or dirt are entirely disposed of. For the same reason very little flux is required. Our artist has tried to give an idea of the appearance of two bars at the instant of welding (Fig. 14), when the heat is so intense that it is difficult to see anything, though the duration of the operation is so short and the heat spreads so little that it is possible to stand quite close by without discomfort. The nature of the joint produced is a little different from an ordinary weld. Instead of being hammered into a union at a red heat, the parts are actually melted together and frozen in an instant. One of the most conspicuous applications of electric heating is the electric smelting furnace, Fig. 15 is a view of the Cowles Electric Furnace, which has been in practical manufacturing operation at Lockport, New York, for a year or more, extracting aluminium and other metals which are difficult to obtain from their natural earths. Into opposite sides of a brick retort are inserted very large carbon rods about the size of a man's arm. The current is led from the generator to these rods by large cables connected to heavy copper heads which are cast solid on the outer ends of the carbon rods for the purpose of making good connection. A very strong current is passed through the substances with which the retort is filled, passing from the end of one rod to the other and heating the contents to any desired degree. The

account of the destructive nature of the substances to be treated. Another feature of the process is the use of charcoal mixed with the substances for the double purpose of carrying the electricity through the substances, and converting it into heat as it passes across the retort, and at the same time absorbing oxygen from and refining the substances, or, as it is known in metallurgy, acting as a "reducing agent." By means of this furnace several substances which contain valuable metals, but which were very hard to decompose, are easily torn apart and the metals obtained. The company is doing a large business supplying the aluminium bronzes at prices low enough to compete with brass, while formerly the prices of these alloys were so high as to put them out of the question.

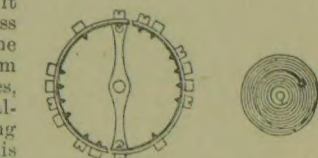


FIG. 11.—NON-MAGNETIC WATCH WHEEL AND SPRING.

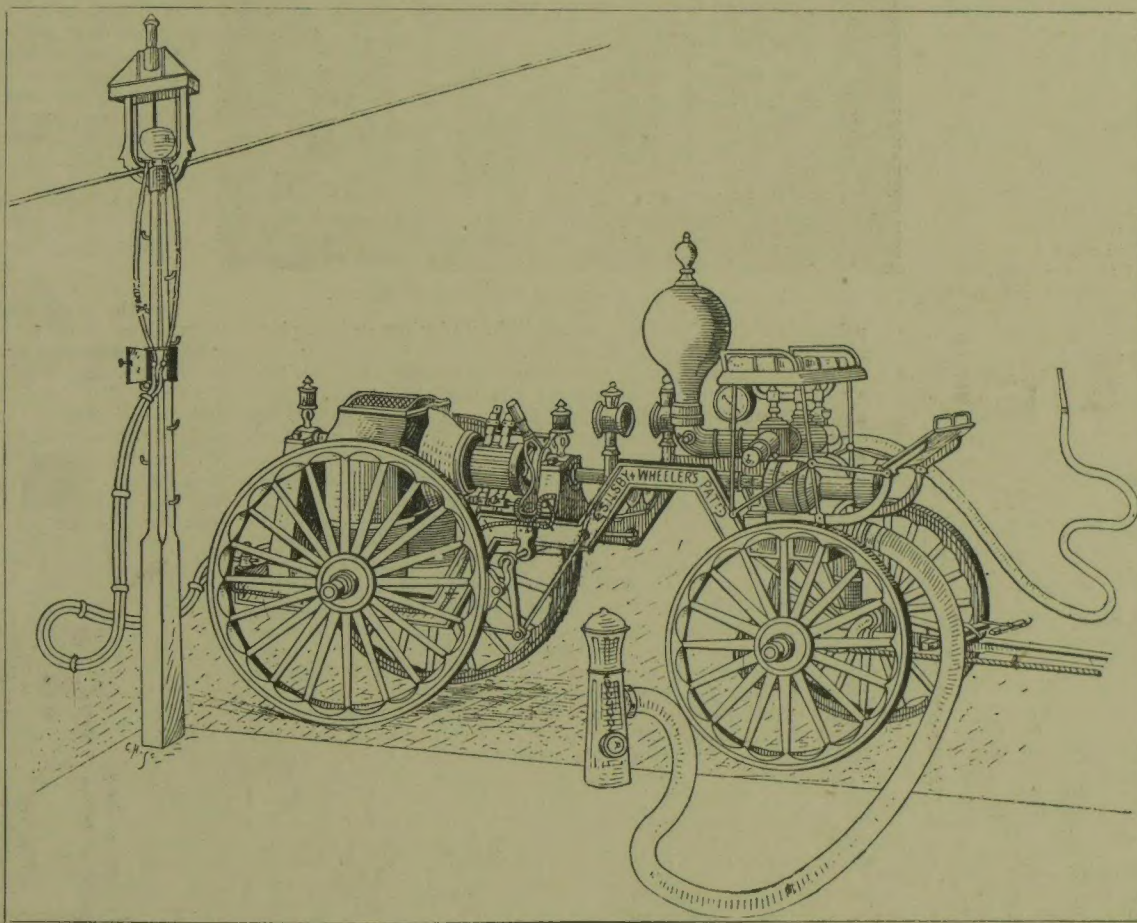


FIG. 9.—ELECTRIC FIRE-ENGINE IN OPERATION.

advantages of the method are that substances which when heated would attack and destroy a retort as ordinarily used may be melted without harm in this, because the molten part is surrounded by cooler material which does not attack the retort. It is also possible to build a much stronger retort, because it need not be built to have a fire under it, and thin, so that the heat can reach to the interior. On the contrary, it is built thick and strong so as to hold the heat. It therefore requires very much less expense in electric current for fuel than it would if the heat were applied externally. It has been possible to perform chemical manufacturing processes successfully in this retort which were not practicable before on

enters a switch by which the current may be turned on when the death-signal is given. The current will not pass through the clothing when perfectly dry, but sufficient connection may be made by moistening the brass seat. The lower connection might be made at the feet, but it is unnecessary to send the current through the legs, and it would be easier to keep the criminal seated than to keep his feet in contact with a plate. To understand the difference between electric currents that are dangerous to life and those that are not, it is well to

The project of using electricity for the execution of criminals is receiving a great deal of attention, the report of the Committee recently appointed to investigate and consider it having been unanimous in its favour. There seems to be no good reason why it should not immediately be adopted. Two things can be said in its favour without the possibility of denial—that it is painless, and that it is instantaneous and sure. It will probably be objected to by some on the ground that it will attach some unpleasant associations to electricity, and perhaps create an unwarranted fear of it; but part of this is sentiment, and as for the rest, electricity ought to be as well able to bear the burden as hemp and steel have been. A slight current of electricity at very high pressure, when applied to the nerves, will produce instant death before the nerves can act to carry any sensation to the brain, and for this reason it must be the most humane means of execution. The apparatus for applying it, as recommended by the recent Commission, may here be explained. A strong chair has one electric connection at the top, consisting of a brass strap to encircle the head, and the other connection on the seat, consisting of a brass plate, upon which the criminal is seated. These are connected by wires to a machine which generates very high pressure electricity. One of the wires from the generator

enters a switch by which the current may be turned on when the death-signal is given. The current will not pass through the clothing when perfectly dry, but sufficient connection may be made by moistening the brass seat. The lower connection might be made at the feet, but it is unnecessary to send the current through the legs, and it would be easier to keep the criminal seated than to keep his feet in contact with a plate. To understand the difference between electric currents that are dangerous to life and those that are not, it is well to

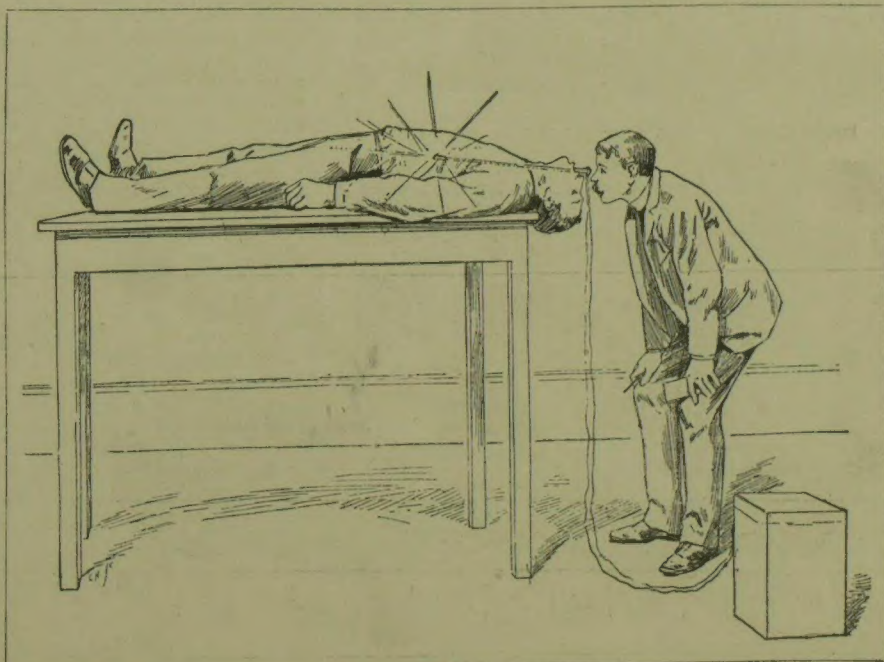


FIG. 12.—EXAMINING THE STOMACH BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

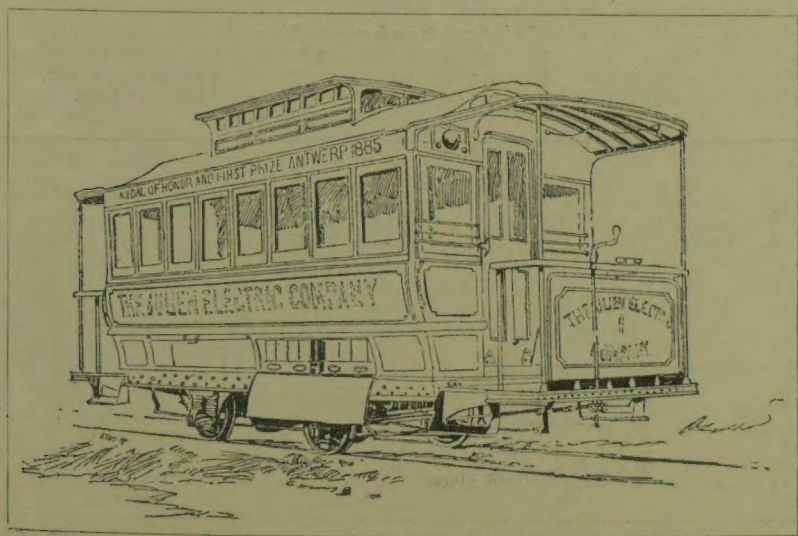


FIG. 8.—STREET-CAR PROPELLED BY STORAGE BATTERIES.

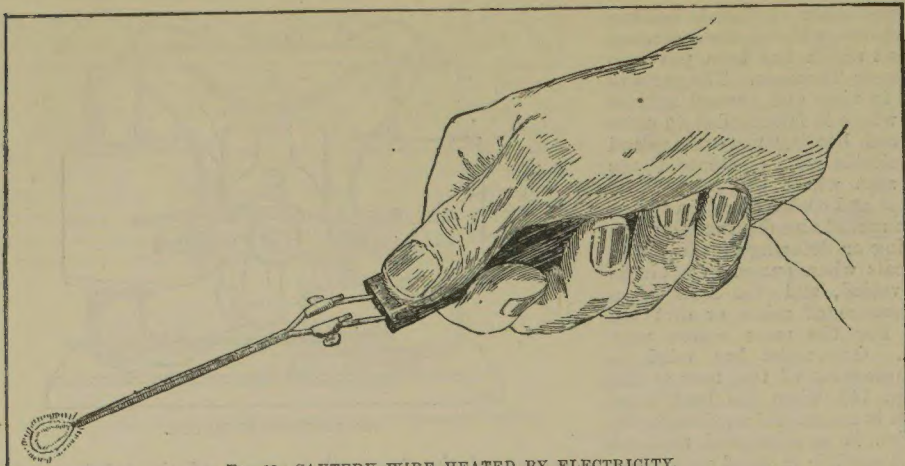


FIG. 13.—CAUTERY WIRE HEATED BY ELECTRICITY.

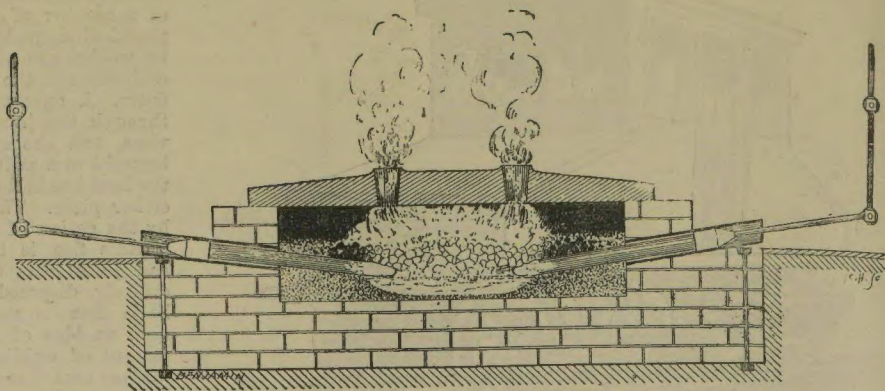


FIG. 15.—ELECTRIC FURNACE FOR SMELTING REFRACTORY METALS.

remember that the human body is not a good conductor of electricity, consequently very high pressure is required to force enough into it to cause injury or death, while very little in quantity will kill if the pressure is great enough to force it in. The currents used for heating, &c., on the contrary, owe their effects entirely to the great quantity of electricity used, while the pressure is very low. The pressure of the currents used in the surgical instruments described is so low that the current cannot be felt at all.

In conclusion, we show two of the latest inventions in that art which made the first practical use of electricity—namely, the telegraph. One is a telegraph by means of which messages may be sent to and from a railroad train when travelling at any speed. The surprising feature of this invention is that there is no connection between the train and telegraph-wire beside the track, over which the messages travel to the station after jumping from the car to the wire. The message is telegraphed from inside the car to the tin roof of the car, and reaches the regular telegraph wire along the track by means of lines of force which each signal throws through the air as soon as it reaches the roof. The signals created in the main line in this way are much fainter than the ordinary telegraph signals—a difficulty, however, which is easily overcome by using more sensitive receiving instruments. The operation of telegraphing to the car is carried on in the same way. The message is sent along the line, and imparts a slight electrical effect to the metallic car roof at each signal. The weak signals thus produced in the car roof are listened to with a delicate receiving instrument in the hands of the operator. As the main line wire is parallel with the track, it makes no difference where the car is, and as the action of electricity is almost immeasurably quick, it makes no difference how rapidly the car is moving. The only special construction required to adapt a line for use with this system is that the wire be strung on rather short poles so as to bring it near the roofs

office, and is receiving messages while the train is going sixty miles an hour. His set of instruments is arranged to be connected with the roof by a flexible wire, which is fastened to the instruments at one end. With this apparatus he can establish himself in any car and prepare to take messages by simply making the connection with the roof. In the rare case of the roof being

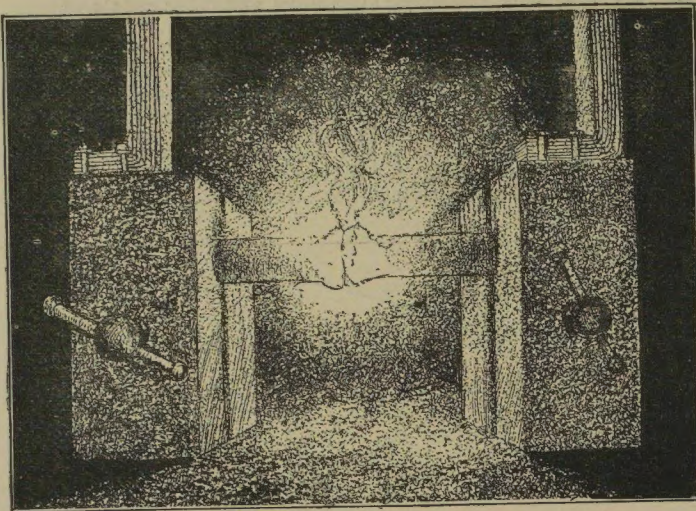


FIG. 14.—WELDING A BROKEN BAR BY ELECTRICITY.

non-metallic the deficiency is supplied by placing an iron pipe lengthwise along the top of the car.

The other invention is a recording instrument which writes messages sent across the ocean. The electrical effect of the ocean upon cable signals is such as to make it impossible in cable telegraphy to use currents of strength corresponding to those used on land lines. The causes of this are now perfectly understood, but at the time the first cable was laid they were unknown, and the cable was destroyed because a very strong battery proportionate to the length of the cable was used. On the contrary, it is now found best to use an extremely small battery, and about as much is now used as is required to ring a call bell in a private house. The problem then became to construct an instrument for reading the signals of this weak battery at the other end of the cable. For a long time a delicately suspended magnetic needle or compass was used, and its slight motions were observed by watching a spot of light reflected from the needle upon a screen. But this left no record of the message, and it was necessary for an operator of great skill to give it the closest attention and interpret the signals. The improved apparatus now in use is known as the siphon recorder. A delicate siphon-shaped tube (Fig. 18) hangs from a trough of ink with its end close to but not touching the moving band of telegraph tape. A fine coil of wire is delicately suspended near a stationary magnet, so as to twist slightly when attracting itself to the magnet. The siphon is connected by a thread with the coil, so that the motions of the coil are imparted to it. The apparatus is so delicate, and the moving power of the coil so slight, that the siphon tube is not allowed to touch the paper, on account of the resistance to its motions when tracing the record which would result from contact with the paper, but the record is made by fine dots of ink, which are made to drop from the end of the tube by a slight but constant jarring given to the table on which the whole apparatus stands. The suspended coil is connected with the ocean cable, and every faint signal current sent over the cable enters the coil, throws out delicate lines of force which attract the coil slightly to the magnet, pulls the thread attached to the siphon, and makes a wave in the line traced on the paper. Each different undulation in the tracing signifies a corresponding letter. The instrument is shown writing the beginning of Swinburne's "Lochrine," of which in one night it recently transmitted for the New York Times ten thousand words in five hours, the greatest feat of ocean telegraphy.

We add the latest improvement in motors, giving in Fig. 17 a view of a motor to be run by electricity from the more powerful "arc" light wires, and to be regulated by a throttle on the motor. Instead of by a separate piece of mechanism as formerly. The motor is shown on a high bracket for driving a fan near the ceiling, and is turned on or off by the cords from the switch lever which hang down within reach. The wire which is wound on the motor is divided into a number of sections, the ends of each of which are connected to the small

triangular brass pieces seen at the top of the regulator. The electric light wire is connected with the moving arm of the switch, and the arm is pivoted so as to slide over and touch these small pieces or contacts. When the switch is turned it therefore sends the current from the line through more or less of the coils on the machine as the switch is turned to the right or to the left. The peculiarity of this regulation is that the switch only controls directly the wire used for strengthening the stationary magnets. As the wheel of the motor revolves it is impossible to make any connections with it for the purpose of controlling the power of that part. But by a novel arrangement, the current flowing in the wheel is so coupled to the current flowing in the outside, or stationary wires, as to be dependent upon the strength of the latter, so that when the switch is turned to give the full strength to the stationary wires the current through the wheel also increases in strength, and thus a proper ratio between the strength of the two parts is maintained. The cross-arm to which the cords are attached is extended on both sides, so that it can be turned by cords equally well if the motor is inverted, as it sometimes is in order to be attached to the under side of a table upon which is the machine that it is drawing. This arrangement is frequently adopted so that the motor may be entirely out of the way and easily controlled by a treadle.

The Bentley-Knight Electric Railway Company reports that on the Observatory Hill road, at Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, partly of double and partly of single track, the electric conductors are laid for something less than a mile in a sub-surface conduit between the rails, and for the remaining three miles and a half they are elevated on poles set every 75 ft. along the curb line. The conduit crosses two double track street railways and two single tracks also. The road is a constant succession of bad grades, the worst of which is 9.8 per cent, on a curve. The contract under which this road was built requires that the power shall be sufficient to move all the cars four miles an hour while each car is ascending one of the worst grades, each car being loaded with 9000 lb. of passengers. Thompson-Houston dynamos and motors are employed. The motor-cars, heavily loaded, have been tested to run the whole line, up grade, at an average speed



FIG. 16.—TELEGRAPHING FROM A TRAIN IN MOTION.

of the cars. The instruments for the operator on the train are portable, and are arranged to be held in the lap like a writing tablet. Our illustration shows a car in which an operator with his portable instruments has opened a temporary telegraph

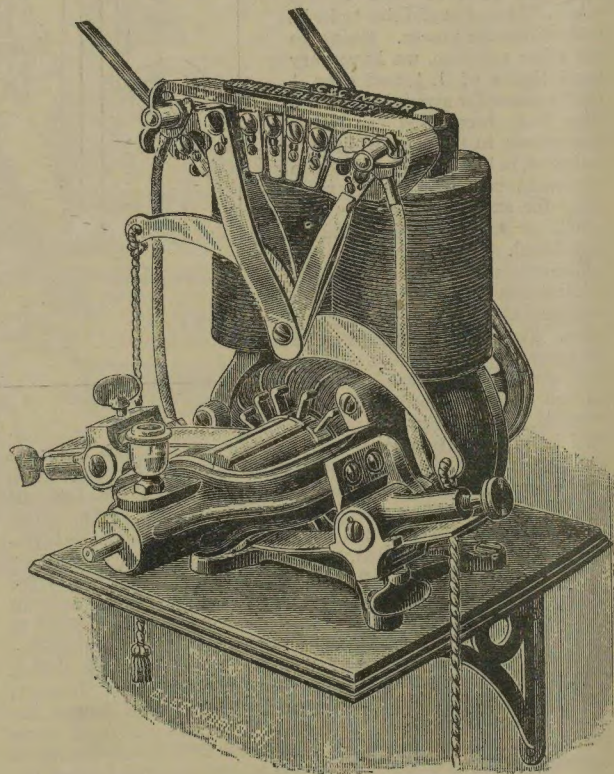
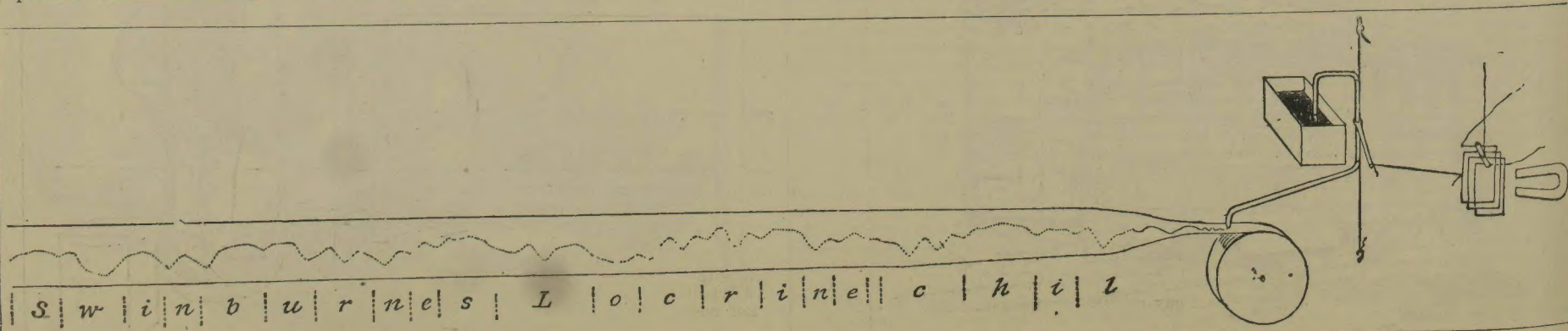


FIG. 17.—ELECTRIC MOTOR WITH HAND REGULATOR.

of nine miles an hour, and have been found capable of running up grade at six miles an hour, and on a level at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. The total weight of a car, including motors and mechanism, is between 4 and 4½ tons.



FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL "TAPE" OF THE OPENING WORDS OF "LOCHRINE."

FIG. 18.—SIPHON RECORDER FOR OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.